

The Nation.

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The Week.

The President's appointment of ex-Representative Rodenberg of Illinois as Civil-Service Commissioner is ideal—that is, it represents perfectly the McKinley notion of civil-service reform. Mr. Rodenberg has openly and ostentatiously opposed the whole reform system. On February 17, 1900, he was one of the seventy-seven members of the House who voted, on a formal roll-call, to strike out the appropriation for the Civil-Service Commission. This is, of course, the annual spoilsmen's motion. They wish to kill the reform system by refusing to provide its necessary expenses. To stand up on a yea-and-nay vote and be registered in favor of this attack on the merit plan of filling public offices, has long been recognized as the mark of the thorough-going spoilsman, the man who sneers at "snivel-service reform" and denounces the "hypocrites" who pretend that Congressmen will not appoint the noblest specimens of the race. Mr. Rodenberg is fresh from this demonstration of his hostility to reform, and it is fitting that President McKinley should now select him to administer the law which he abhors. It is like appointing an ex-burglar to be police magistrate.

Mr. Rodenberg's "special fitness for the place" is trumpeted in a dispatch from Washington to the *Court Circular*—beg pardon, we meant the *Tribune*. Yes, but he was also eminently fitted for any other place within the gift of the President, and uncommonly anxious to fill one; the kind and its duties being a matter of indifference, provided the salary were satisfactory. There was "a great time at the White House today," telegraphed the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Record* on March 20. He referred to a gathering of the Illinois delegation for the purpose of demanding from the President the appointment of ex-Representative Rodenberg as a Commissioner of the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. McKinley was reminded that he had been appointing "dead ducks" to that desirable sinecure, but that four of them had come from the Senate and only two from the House. Moreover, the Republican dead ducks had been getting the worst of it. The Illinois delegation united, therefore, on Mr. Rodenberg. He was a Republican, no duck could be deadlier than he, and he ought to have the place. The President demurred, and is even said to have displayed a little temper at being asked to provide for so many "busted"

politicians. Happily, he bethought himself of the vacant Civil-Service Commissionership, and, regarding it frankly as "a place," flung it as a sop to the spoils-hunter. But we know that this is no "backward step" in civil-service reform, because President McKinley promised that none should be taken during his Administration.

We extend our respectful sympathy to Senator Hanna, who has again met the proverbial fate of the peacemaker. But yesterday it was the impractical seven among the Republican legislators of Delaware who foolishly resented his well-meant efforts to elect both Addicks and Dupont. Now it is another seven, also Republican members of a Legislature, but in Nebraska, who have wantonly and wickedly declined to take the advice of the boss of the Republican party. After receiving telegrams from the great Cleveland statesman urging them to stand by the caucus nominee, D. E. Thompson, these men have had the extremely bad taste to reply that the election of Mr. Thompson would be "disgraceful to the State and suicidal to the party." This is exactly the same kind of Mugwump language in which the anti-Addicks men indulge, and we can understand just how wearying and discouraging it all is to Mr. Hanna. These stubborn rascals, with their cant about "disgrace" and "State duty," should take Mr. Hanna's word for it that the only thing at issue is the number of Republican Senators in the next Congress. Beside this everything pales. In the wise Hanna mind, two Republican Senators from a State are worth any price. Why should Nebraskans and Delawareans be so slow to realize that the sacrifice of State honor, of decency, of morality, and the shirking of public duty are none too large a price to pay to strengthen the Republican party in the Senate by four men?

Gov. Odell has won the fight for freedom from the despotism of Boss Platt. The conference of Republican leaders, which the Senator called for Sunday to consider the attitude of the organization toward further police legislation for New York city, resulted in an agreement not to press the matter further. This conclusion was inevitable after the Governor had announced his unalterable opposition to the policy, and public opinion throughout the State had endorsed his Declaration of Independence. It would have been nothing short of stark madness to press the scheme further, and even the most loyal henchmen of the boss would not follow him in a course which meant political ruin to them personally as well as to

their party. There was nothing left for Platt to do, so far as this question was concerned, but to accept the situation and express his regret. This he did—with pretty poor grace, and the matter of police legislation is therefore settled. Platt could not surrender, however, without showing his teeth. Here is the threat with which he ended his acceptance of defeat in the matter immediately at stake:

"If it turns out in the next municipal election that the judgment which I have formed upon this subject has been wrong, then I shall be glad that Tammany has been left in control of the police."

The meaning of this is plain. If Tammany shall carry the municipal election next fall, Platt will hold Odell responsible. He will then say: "You see that I was right. I insisted that Tammany would win unless we should pass a law at Albany depriving it of its control of the police force. Odell blocked such legislation, and he is to blame for the result." A man who is capable of such a threat is capable also of trying to make it come true. But it will be risky business for the Platt of 1901, deprived of his old power as State boss, to attempt what was done in 1897 by the man who was undisputed leader of the party, and could control the whole organization, throughout the State as well as in the city.

The reasons why the British Government declined to accept the Senate amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty are both respectful and respectable. The details upon which Lord Lansdowne rests his objections are: first, that the treaty, as amended, assumes to abrogate a previous treaty, without any negotiation for that purpose; second, that it leaves both the United States and Great Britain free to acquire territory in Central America, except within a short distance of the canal; third, that the terms of the Davis amendment, which relates to the measures that the United States may take to secure its own defence, are too vague; and, finally, that the striking out of the clause which provides for securing the adherence of other Powers to the treaty leaves those Powers free to take any measures they please, while binding Great Britain to a specific line of action. Probably all of these objections could have been surmounted except the first. If a proposal to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had been made in the proper way, instead of an attempt to set it aside without previous consultation, we cannot doubt that means would have been found to meet it satisfactorily to both parties, and to secure the concurrence of the Senate. But forms count for much in diplomatic negotiation, and

rightly so, since the dignity of a nation must always be one of its weightiest concerns. It was not a dignified way of setting aside the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to whip out one's pencil and write a few words in another treaty without asking the opinion of the other party to the treaty; yet if Lord Salisbury had been at the Foreign Office, he might have acted as he did when a more ill-mannered proposition was laid before him touching the Venezuelan boundary. What mood the Senate will be in when the Isthmian canal question comes before it cannot be predicted, but it is something in favor of peace and good order that some time must elapse ere that body comes together again. It is fortunate also that the negotiations are still in the hands of statesmen who are sincerely desirous of a good understanding.

The most flattering unction which the Administration is able to lay to its soul in the Cuban controversy is that the Cubans are certain, in the end, to "yield." This, of course, is a tacit admission that the islanders are acting under duress. They will yield, as any people must, to *force majeure*. There is nothing very strange about this, certainly nothing very glorious. It needed no ghost to come from the dead to make us believe that 76,000,000 people could coerce 1,500,000, if they chose to violate their solemn pledge never to attempt it. And that it is coercion pure and simple, the stark force of the stronger, which is being applied to the Cubans, there is no doubt whatever. One of the returning Congressmen admits that two-thirds of the inhabitants of Cuba are vehemently desirous of absolute independence. Of course, this representative of American popular will thinks that the confessed popular will of the Cubans is all folly, and should be put down with a "strong hand." That is what we have come to—brute force exerted where we vowed we would never exercise the slightest control, and the policy of sweet reasonableness dropped for that of sheer compulsion.

After having shipped several newly recruited and untrained battalions and companies to Manila, Gen. Corbin finds it necessary to explain the sudden ordering of all available regular troops to the Philippines by declaring that he must have several months in which to train the rest of the new regiments before shipping them to the scene of hostilities. The necessity for this we have pointed out for months past. It is patent to all military men, but the War Department has hitherto treated the matter as if the mere assembling, uniforming, and equipping of a thousand men and forty officers meant that it had another regiment fit for active service. As a matter of fact,

the bringing together of the personnel of a regiment means nothing of the kind. Even though the name "regular" be given to it, it must be drilled, taught to shoot, disciplined, and instructed day and night for months, just like any militia or volunteer regiment, if it is to be an effective body of men, and not a uniformed mob. Even our able regular officers cannot perform miracles, and do not hesitate to admit privately that placing raw regiments in the field is positively criminal, since the men do not know how to shoot, and have not the faintest conception of the care of their bodies in camp, on the march, or in trenches. To expose raw recruits to Philippine firing-line conditions is to deliberately increase the pension list and the death rate, and we rejoice as a matter of humanity at the War Department's decision, however much it may worry Gen. MacArthur. That good order in the Philippines will profit by the delay is shown by the fact that the battalions already sent were riotous and disorderly in San Francisco, and that the Manila jails are full of volunteer soldiers of the now returning regiments, which were similarly rushed to Manila two years ago before being trained and disciplined.

The value of wholesome neglect in colonial administration is strikingly brought out in the letter of our Samoan wards to the President. The native Governors explain their satisfaction with American rule as a rule which lets them alone. "Our great fear at first," they say, "was that we should be cast aside in our government, that our customs which we honor would be changed or interfered with." Nothing of the kind has happened, and the Samoans are correspondingly pleased. They say that they feared "the rule of the soldier," but they have found Commander Tilley a kind friend who has "kept his promises." There we have, in a living example, the secret of governing colonies. It is the secret which the English have learned, and which should have been an open book to us when we went to the Philippines. To interfere as little as possible with native customs, to strengthen and utilize every form of native government, above all to be kind and just and to keep promises—those are the elementary rules. Every one of them has been violated by our policy of meddle and muddle in the Philippines. So, we doubt not, would they have been in Tutuila if the island had seemed worth exploiting. Its insignificance and poverty have led to our neglect; so that our appearance of wisdom in administering it is a kind of happy accident.

The rise in the price of the Virginia century bonds to a point near par has, like other similar changes in values,

made the fortunes of a number of people, and has vastly improved the credit of the State. Instead of being, as a few years ago, on the verge of bankruptcy, Virginia has now worked into a much more comfortable financial condition, both from the standpoint of the State Treasury and from that of the taxpayer. A similar problem now awaits solution by the State of West Virginia. It will be remembered that the close of the civil war found Virginia burdened with an enormous debt, amounting on January 1, 1870, with accrued interest, to more than \$45,000,000. A division of this debt into two parts, one of \$15,000,000 apportioned to West Virginia as her share, the other of \$30,000,000 being assumed by Virginia herself, was effected by the Funding Act of 1871. But as West Virginia has always rejected the apportionment by which she was given a share proportionate to her territory and population, and has claimed a division based upon money actually spent within her own borders by the State Government prior to the war, no settlement has ever been reached. Thus the provisions of the Funding Act amounted to a repudiation of these bonds, and the blame must rest primarily upon West Virginia, since she has never provided for any of them, even to the amount admitted to be her just share of the debt.

It now appears that public sentiment in favor of some provision for funding the bonds is making headway, though it is retarded by the alleged fact that speculators have for some time been quietly cornering as many of the old certificates as they could. It is even said that much of the renewed interest in debt payment has been factitious, and has been due to the work of the speculators themselves, although the best evidence seems to indicate that speculative operations are the result, and not the cause, of the new feeling in the matter. The situation is precisely the same as that which confronted the Federal Government just after the adoption of the Constitution. The same arguments concerning the work of speculators were then urged, and the same reply should be given now. Into whatever hands the bonds may have fallen, these should be honestly paid, and there can be no manner of doubt that the State would gain immeasurably in financial standing and public respect should she adopt such a course. The unfortunate condition of Virginia, both fiscally and economically, during the "Readjuster" period, when the payment of her own bonds was in doubt, as well as the renewed confidence of investors and the better financial outlook after payment was assured by the "Riddleberger Act" of 1892, give ample evidence that State honesty will prove the best policy.

The Budget speech of the Canadian Minister for Finance neither did him extraordinary credit nor exposed his party to the censure of the Opposition. On the whole, the showing was a satisfactory one. For the past fiscal year the revenues of the Dominion have reached \$51,029,994, an increase for the year of \$4,288,745. More than half of the increase has gone to the cost of the contingent sent to South Africa and to the garrisoning of Halifax. For the current year the excess of revenue over current expenditures is estimated at \$6,350,000, but this showing is less favorable when it is admitted that enough must be paid to capital account to increase the public debt by about \$1,800,000. It is hard to see that much political capital for Liberal or Conservative can be made out of the budget. Mr. Fielding can easily show that in the recent fat years the revenues have greatly increased, and remind the Canadian people that under the Conservative party they had lean years. The Conservatives will say that but for Liberal mismanagement the country would have been more prosperous, and there the matter stands till something arises to shake Sir Wilfrid Laurier's big majority.

This overthrow might come from the financial pressure caused by the steel bounties. With the great expansion of the iron industry in Canada, the Treasury already begins to feel the drain. The Minister for Finance estimates most conservatively that the steel bounties will exceed \$1,000,000 for the present year. It is easy to see in this increasing but wholly indefinite charge upon the Treasury a possible disturbing influence in Canadian finance, and it is probably the uncertainty as to the amount of revenue applicable to this purpose that has led the Canadian Government to refuse a bounty to the producers of beet sugar, paying them off by exempting for a year sugar-making machinery from the customs duties. It should be added that, by what looks very like mystification, the steel bounties, like the railway subsidies, are to be charged to the account not of current expenditure, but of capital. That Mr. Fielding is reasonably assured of the situation for the present year is shown in the fact that he proposes no new revenue bill, and, except the exemption clause for sugar-making machinery, no change in the tariff.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's brother in the cordite business had a bad quarter hour under cross-examination on Thursday. Though the plaintiff in the libel suit against two London newspapers, he was soon put on the defensive. Freely admitting that the Kynochs Company, with which he was connected, had combined with other companies to keep up the price of powder in Government contracts, he confessed also to having in-

fluenced Irish members of Parliament in favor of the Kynochs by threatening to shut down the works unless Government contracts were secured. This admission drew from the Tory Lord Chief Justice a testy "You pulled the strings"; but so far the evidence hardly touched Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in whose interest the suit was brought. When, however, it was shown that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain had used in a business way his "personal" influence with the Government, and it was proved that in open competitions the Kynochs had been allowed to withdraw bids and substitute lower ones, it was clear at least that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had been a careless guardian of the black sheep of his family. We can foresee the tender sympathy he will have from all the Tory press, this incorruptible statesman who wakes up suddenly to find his kith and kin plundering the Government of which he is a great part. The damages awarded Mr. Arthur Chamberlain by the jury, £200, were almost nominal.

If the question of independence be left out of consideration, it cannot be said that the terms offered to Gen. Botha by the British were illiberal. As reported in the Parliamentary papers, the English plan was to govern the Transvaal and Orange River colonies by a crown-colony administration, composed of a nominated executive advised by an elective assembly, this form of government to be succeeded shortly by a representative government. The English and Dutch languages were to have equal rights, Boer war debts to the extent of £1,000,000 were to be paid, aid was to be given to the impoverished farmers to start afresh, and the expatriated prisoners were to be returned. Certainly this is far from being the unconditional surrender demanded by Lord Roberts, and the very fact that Mr. Chamberlain himself directed the modification of the terms as late as March 6, shows how eager for peace even the great Jingo leader has become. Indeed, the Boers might well have counted this a substantial victory and have been justified in accepting the terms, trusting to future negotiation for further amnesty towards rebellious English colonists and for the settlement of other disputed questions.

The Russian position as to Manchuria seems impregnable. Months ago, shortly after Peking was captured, Russia proposed a general evacuation of China. She would withdraw all her troops, she would abandon Newchwang, she would leave Manchuria—provided that the allies would, at the same time, leave Pechili and turn over the Government of China to the Chinese. The United States agreed—or was thought to agree. Afterwards it was explained that we had agreed with a convenient if. But the

other Powers refused. They did not believe Russia sincere. Perhaps they doubted the sincerity of their own protestations that they wanted no Chinese territory. At any rate, sincere or not, Russia, has, since that day, had the diplomatic and the moral advantage. She said then that, if withdrawal were not immediate, she might be compelled to stay indefinitely. Now she is preparing to stay in Manchuria. It is easy to say that she always intended to; the point is that she volunteered to withdraw, and on terms and for reasons which the allies should at once have accepted. They did not, and Russia has since had the whip-hand.

The part played by the Russian university students in the disturbances at St. Petersburg recalls the recent violent proceedings at the University of Vienna, and suggests a state of things quite unfamiliar to those acquainted only with American or English institutions. The immediate cause of the difficulty seems to be the enforcement of the laws prohibiting student secret societies and drafting recalcitrant students into the army. Most of the student societies are political and radical in their nature, and it is largely due to their work that the Russian universities have become centres of Socialist agitation and Nihilist plotting. For this work a favorable environment was found in the fact that a large proportion of the students are proletarians, living under the conditions sketched by Dostoevsky with matchless, though morbid, power in 'Crime and Punishment.' In such a soil of want and misery the revolutionary seed has grown rapidly. Existing conditions in Russia are very similar to those that prevailed in Germany shortly after the inauguration of the policy of reaction by the Congress of Vienna, and which continued during the long struggle for German unity. The organization of the *Burschenschaft* in fact furnished the prototype of the Russian societies, and laid the foundation of the much-lauded "ungeheuerer Gewalt" of the German students, of which, fortunately, few traces are now left—at least politically. A state of things like that in Germany before 1850 and in Russia at present could never exist in a country possessing a definite political organization, with recognized organs for the expression of public opinion. Only under the influence of German particularism or Russian autocracy would such an outlet for popular feeling be necessary, or the crude and rather aimless agitation of the students have any political significance whatever. The university disturbances are merely representative of the general spirit of unrest which more and more pervades the intelligent classes in Russia, and must be expected to increase as industry develops and the conservative policy breaks down.

THE TARIFF BRIBE FOR CUBA.

Monday's Havana dispatches gave us a sight, *dessous des cartes*, of the game which the Administration is playing in Cuba. In its consuming anxiety to induce the Cubans, by hook or by crook, to accept our ultimatum, without forcing us to drive it home by the argument of pike and gun, promises of tariff favors are being more and more openly made. These are necessarily vague. The President can only hint and insinuate; can but point out the obvious advantage it would be to Cuban planters if their sugar and tobacco were admitted free of duty, or at greatly reduced rates, in the ports of the United States. He, or his agents, cannot refrain from asking the Cuban delegates if they do not seem to see in this direction a generous *quid pro quo* for agreeing to our demands.

The Cubans are quick to see the point, and all their talk now is of persuading the Convention to bend before President McKinley's will, in return for a reciprocity treaty. But just when the scheme was working beautifully, Senator Proctor, in either malice or innocence, had an interview with a Havana newspaper, in which he reminded the Cubans that it took more than the President to make a treaty, and that the reduction of tariff duties was a legislative function in the United States. This produced a natural reluctance in the Cuban mind to yield to the misty blandishments of the Administration, unless there were something binding on the United States, something down in black and white, to show for it. Accordingly, the latest phase of the situation in the island is a decided movement of public opinion over to the view of accepting an American protectorate, provided there be a breach made, for the behoof of Cubans, in American protection.

We have always believed that an effective promise of free trade, or even of generous reciprocity, made to Cuba would be more than the planters could resist or refuse. Their natural market is here, and if its doors were flung wide to them, they could not be expected to look too sharply at the conditions precedent. The thing would turn on the same principles of human nature that led the Alsatian to say to Bismarck that whether Russians or Prussians took the province was all one to the inhabitants, if only their taxes were lowered. Our tariff taxes on sugar and tobacco are as if especially directed against the Cuban growers. Were they to be removed, or reduced two-thirds, the island would leap forward in prosperity. This is and has long been so unquestioned a truth in the eyes of Cubans that, as we say, no higher bribe could be offered them than the removal of American tariff barriers against their products. It would jump with their commercial interests completely.

Secretary Root long ago gave evidence that he was fully aware of having this trump card in his hand. In his last annual report he spoke in an oracular tone about the "uncertainty as to the continuance of a market for her [Cuba's] products." This was the plainest sort of hint that the Cubans ought to know on which side their bread was buttered. Yet it was then more in the nature of a threat than of a promise. The implication was rather of a tariff war if Cuba proved obstinate, than of a reciprocity treaty if she showed herself pliable. But now it is clear the Administration is using the tariff, in the Cuban negotiation, as it has been so long used at home—that is, as a means of paying for political favors. The President is extremely desirous that the Cubans should agree, with good grace or with bad, to his ultimatum. It seems, then, the most natural thing in the world for him to reward them, if they are good boys, with a little tariff taffy. Already he has graciously abolished their internal export tax on tobacco; and this, he has intimated, is only an earnest of what he will do to modify the United States tariff, for their benefit, if they will quietly act as he wishes.

This is the little game, but there is no likelihood that it will work. On the side of the Cubans, their eyes are now opened, and they will insist on something better than a Presidential promise. No "plain duty" utterance of McKinley's will do; give them an act of Congress creating free trade with Cuba; give them a reciprocity treaty not only negotiated, but ratified by the Senate, and then they will agree to American demands. Otherwise not. As for Mr. McKinley, it is evident that he cannot undertake to translate his indefinite promises of tariff favors into treaty or into law. His rebuff by the Senate in the case of his reciprocity treaties is too recent and smarting for him to think such a thing possible. Yet we cannot but be glad that the exposure of his plan has come about publicly. It will be apt to lead to a great moral awakening among Connecticut tobacco-growers. Conscience may also be expected to become more tender in the case of the beet-sugar men and the Louisiana cane-producers. What! is the breaking of our pledge to Cuba going to cost us our protection against Cuban tobacco and sugar? One sees how this thought will put quite a new aspect upon the sacredness of a promise and the solemnity of a national obligation. If we are to lose money by violating our pledge, why, we might as well keep it. This is the kind of latent morality which the President will have stirred up by his tariff flirtation with the Cubans; and that it will be sufficient to block this particular scheme of his we cannot doubt.

THE PRESIDENT'S HAND IN DELAWARE.

For a number of years J. Edward Addicks, a rich, vulgar, and unscrupulous speculator, has been trying to buy a seat in the United States Senate from Delaware. Three times in succession he has failed, because an honorable element in the Republican party considered him a disgrace to the State which he sought to represent, and preferred that the seat should remain vacant or even be filled by the Opposition, rather than that it should be occupied by so disreputable a person. During these three contests Addicks has secured no help from the national Administration. When he spent \$75,000 in electing Republican members to the Legislature in 1894, and then early in 1895 demanded from them his pay in the shape of the Senatorship, a Democrat sat in the White House. At his next trial, in 1898-99, and again when he attempted the same trade in 1900-01 (two Senatorships now being at stake), there was a Republican President, but Mr. McKinley gave him no help in the disposition of the Federal patronage.

Three weeks ago the Delaware Legislature adjourned, seven Republican members having stood out to the end against all the influences which were brought to bear in behalf of the man who is debauching their State. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the power of these influences. A man who has millions of dollars, and who is willing to spend money recklessly in a small commonwealth, can bring pressure to bear upon poor legislators in a variety of ways hard to resist. Addicks also had the open support of the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, with all the resources at Hanna's command. The head of the party organization had Addicks "recognized" at the Philadelphia convention last summer, and he insisted that Republican members of the Delaware Legislature should follow that example.

So much was open to the world. We have said that in the third as in the second of Addicks's struggles the Administration at Washington refrained from giving him any help in the allotment of Federal patronage. But the President did not "keep his hands off" throughout the recent struggle. It is part of the hitherto unwritten history of this contest that recalcitrant Republican members of the Legislature, after Hanna had failed to move them, were summoned to the White House and were importuned by Mr. McKinley to send two Republican Senators to Washington, even if one of them must be the man whom their consciences had prevented them from supporting. It is refreshing to know that these plain men of honor did not hesitate to tell the President of the United States that the price was too high.

Mr. McKinley now abandons concealment. He has just made an appointment of an Addicks man to a postmastership, and, when the opponents of Addicks protested, he informed them that he had made this appointment in full knowledge of its bearings. It is now universally understood that the President has decided openly to help Addicks, and it is feared by those who have kept up the good fight against corruption all these weary years that this reinforcement will at last defeat them. The general expectation is, that Addicks will now succeed in persuading enough of his Republican opponents to abandon the struggle, so that a majority of the Legislature will agree to elect him and somebody else at an extra session, to be held as soon as the necessary "arrangements" are made.

It is nothing short of a national humiliation that the Government of the United States should be thus employed to promote the rape of a State and the general depravation of political standards in the republic. Addicks is as open and flagrant a corruptionist as we have ever seen in national politics. The system which he has developed in Delaware is the most elaborate and pervasive ever applied anywhere. He secures the influence of men of local consequence throughout the State—the country lawyer, the village doctor, the rural storekeeper—and rewards them for working in his behalf. He is always ready to pay off the mortgage of a poor farmer who will recognize the obligation at the polls. He gives positions as directors in his gas company to men of importance. He buys votes at the polls through his agents by the hundreds at every election, \$20 being a common price for a ballot, and even \$75 being sometimes obtained when the competition is keen. This work of demoralization has been going on so long and so successfully that a leading jurist of Delaware, in discussing the situation last year, was constrained to say that "the very foundations of morality are being steadily undermined in our State."

All decent people throughout the country rejoiced, therefore, when it appeared that Delaware still retained sufficient principle and conscience to thwart for the third time the impudent attempt to make traffic of a Senatorship which has been so often filled by a high-minded statesman. There must be equal indignation now against the proposal of Mr. McKinley to help on this outrageous scheme. Public sentiment should be pronounced and organized, and brought to bear at the White House. The President must be made to feel that the people of this nation will not follow him as he follows Hanna in bolstering up the corrupt practices of Addicks. Even the clergy and the religious press may be counted on to draw the line here in their apologies for Mr. Hoar's William the Well-Beloved.

THE BOSS IN THE OPEN.

Gov. Odell has issued a Declaration of Independence. Senator Platt, as boss of the Republican organization, sent word through his son to the Governor that he wanted a Metropolitan Police Bill passed. The Governor replied that he could not see the reason for such legislation, that he would not urge the proposed bill, but would veto it, if it should be passed; in short, that "he would not stultify himself" by approving a measure which he had condemned in his message to the Legislature last January. This message was a surprise, from both its repudiation of the policy of a State Constabulary Law which Platt had demanded, and its opposition to the scheme of a Metropolitan Police Commission, which had been suggested as an alternative. Clearly the Governor was not disposed to be the mere tool of the Senatorial boss. There was, however, an obvious attempt to avoid a break with the machine, through the recommendation of a law accepting the principle of State interference with home rule so far as to give the Governor the power of removing the single Police Commissioner of New York city, who was to be substituted for the old "bi-partisan" Board. It rested with the machine to make an issue or avoid it.

Platt takes his whipping meekly. There is no "rupture" between himself and Gov. Odell, he explains with the patience of a saint; it is only an "honest difference of opinion." John Phoenix never devised a more elegant way of confessing, while apparently disguising, the fact that he had been thrown to the floor and pummelled. State and nation are ablaze with the news. Every politician in the land is discussing the fine manhood of a Governor who scornfully threw the insolent orders of the boss back into his teeth. Even to the remote confines of Oyster Bay the truth is percolating that a man has arisen at Albany whose motto is *res non verba*. But Platt and his astonished messenger-boys have not heard of it. There is no rupture. Similarly there was no rupture when the Emperor William deprived Bismarck of the Chancellorship. Only, everybody knew, after that, who was master.

To our mind, the great public and political advantage of the open break between the Governor and the boss lies in the fact that it is open. We see Platt as he is. He is out in the daylight at last. All his political life he has been burrowing, sapping and mining like Hamlet's ghost, a "fellow in the cellarage." His methods have been subterranean, and to that fact they have owed a good part of their effectiveness. A mysterious power behind the scenes, a malign influence that stalketh in darkness, a secret influence that sways public events—how the imagination of the ordinary man is impressed by such

things! The boss who can so clothe himself in mystery and silence comes to be regarded as a kind of invincible fate. His hidden purposes are thought to be self-executing. Men fear his power, which is all the greater in their minds because it is so vague and undefined. They see something; they imagine everything. Hence the wisdom of the famous old boss maxim: "Addition, division, and silence."

But the boss whom the gods would destroy turns voluble; and Platt, in an evil hour, became not only voluble, but vociferous. He issued his orders, not behind closed doors, but from the house-top. Then the fatal hour struck, and Gov. Odell flung his glove in Platt's face, also in public. There were no conflicting versions of what happened, told to friends confidentially and with personal coloring by the parties in interest. It was all open and above board. "You will do this." "I will not." The Governor acted on Bismarck's dictum that in politics there is no middle term between velvet and cold steel, and since Platt would have it so, cold steel Mr. Odell made it.

This, we say, is an enormous gain all round. The extent of it we can best measure by comparing Odell's way with Roosevelt's way. The latter was almost as fond of secrecy as the boss himself. A little breakfast with the boss behind closed doors, mutual pledges of silence, mum's the word to the reporters—why, we had two years of that, and where did we stand when we got through? Nobody knew. Roosevelt's friends had wonderful, but wholly confidential, stories to tell of the Colonel's heroic front in these hole-and-corner conferences with Platt. Table-pounding, theatric glaring, vigorous soldier's oaths—all these things we were asked to believe in, under the strictest seal of confidence. But Platt and his friends told another story. Roosevelt was about the "easiest" subject the boss ever had to tackle. "Why, I can wind him about my little finger." And the boss invariably had, or said he had, his way. Who could tell where the truth lay? But now all doubt is brushed aside. Platt came out into the open; Odell stood in full view; the orders were publicly given and publicly scorned. And the result is that the people now see that the once dreaded boss—dreaded because skulking in shadows and secrecy—is nothing but a toothless old giant, sitting helpless in the entrance of his cave and cursing passers-by.

The revelation is instant, also, of the political wisdom of sending the boss about his business. Gov. Odell has won the swiftest response and commendation from all parts of the State, and in the nation at large nothing could more spread his fame. It is a complete confirmation of what we have all along maintained, that the people are ready,

may, anxious, to rise in acclaim of the man who will show the way to break boss tyranny. As a stroke of political shrewdness alone, Gov. Odell could not have served himself better. If self-respect and the sense of the dignity of his office had not impelled him to resent the insolence of Platt's message, he might well have been moved to it by ambition, by the thought of the rewards that might come to him for spurning the rewards, along with the commands, of the boss. It will ever be, however, a cause of melancholy to reformers that this great demonstration had to be made, not by one of their own class in the Governor's chair, but by a man trained in the straitest sect of the machine politician. Perhaps it was necessary, though, that a man who thoroughly knew from the inside the hollowness of the boss's power, should be the one to strike it contemptuously and crumble it into dust.

We recognize fully the political aspects of Gov. Odell's action, and the expertness with which he strengthened himself in advance for the fated encounter. He did not speak until he knew that the big battalions were on his side. But to-day is not the time to question his motives or discuss his future. He has performed a great public service.

THE STREET-RAILWAY PROBLEM.

The question of the proper attitude for the municipality to occupy toward street railways is again raised by the report to the City Council of Chicago of the Street Railway Commission appointed by that body early in 1900. The occasion for the investigation was the approaching expiration of several of the more important street-railway franchises, and the Commission was to examine primarily "into the feasibility and practicability of the municipal ownership of street railways in this city, and the terms and conditions under which this ownership may be established."

The Commission consisted of seven members of the City Council, and was assisted in its labors by an expert secretary, to whom much of the work involved in the report may be attributed. Its recommendations were summed up in the form of a bill, to be presented to the State Legislature, its essential features being provisions for submitting grants of municipal franchises to popular vote, for possible municipal ownership and operation of street railways, for the regulation of municipal debt incurred in acquiring such property, and for the control of private companies operating leased municipal lines.

Ordinances granting franchises are to be passed in the usual way by the local City Council, and, if approved by the Mayor, are to go into effect within sixty days, unless within that time a peti-

tion shall be presented signed by a number of voters equal to 10 per cent. of all the votes cast at the last Mayoralty election. In that case the franchise bill is to be submitted to popular vote, and if it fails of a majority, it will be rejected. Franchises may contain the provision that street-railway property shall revert to the city without compensation upon the expiration of the period for which they were granted, and in any case the property of companies may be taken by the municipalities upon such occasions, under condition of payment for it at a fair valuation. Every city is to have power to own, construct, and lease street railways within its corporate limits; and, should funds be required in carrying out the policy of municipalization, they may be obtained by the issue of "street-railway certificates." These obligations are not to constitute a liability of the corporation itself, but shall be secured upon a so-called street-railway fund, to be made up from the rents or incomes derived from the roads, according as they may be leased or directly operated. In case a policy of leasing be pursued, the corporations controlling the lines are to make complete and frequent reports concerning their financial operations, in which they shall specify the amount of their capital stock, cash payments on such stock, extent of assets and liabilities, receipts and disbursements, and numerous other details.

The report follows the suggestions of the most careful among recent students of municipal conditions, in providing for a law of general scope, applying to all municipalities alike, yet leaving to each full power of local control. Further, the law is moderate in its provisions, since most of its sections are merely permissive, and do not compel the acceptance of any specific policy by a particular municipality. "The Legislature, in considering the bill herewith presented," says the Commission, "is not called upon to decide whether the policy of municipalization for any given city is expedient. The Legislature ought to give the power to municipalize, leaving every city to decide for itself, according to the conditions there existing, whether or not it be wise to exercise the power, and to what extent." The bill does not even suggest the immediate operation of the lines by the city of Chicago, if the policy should be accepted there. Indeed, the Commission expressly states that, in its opinion, such a policy would be unadvisable, though it believes that "it would be wise for the city, at the earliest practicable time, to acquire ownership of the trackage, and whatever may form a part of the public street."

The question of really vital interest is, after all, the old one whether or not municipal ownership, either with or even without municipal operation, is feasible in the United States at the present time.

Yet it is precisely upon this point that the Commission fails to throw any light either as to general or local conditions. After emphasizing the need for public control, the Commission points out that, in attempting to devise a system of public oversight, the two important considerations are that adequate powers be reserved to the governing authorities, and that special machinery be created for the purpose of insuring the intelligent exercise of such powers in the interest of the public. What assurance there would be that such adequate powers of control would be properly exercised even with the aid of any amount of "machinery," the Commission fails to indicate. The gist of the whole issue is tersely stated by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin in a letter to the Commission. He raises the question whether the average citizen will be more honorable or conscientious when the street railway which passes his door is a municipal one, than if it were owned by a private company, and suggests that it may be an even thing whether it is worse for private corporations to bribe Aldermen to obtain franchises, or for unprincipled politicians to exploit for their own advancement and enrichment the properties owned by a municipality.

The truth is, that there is no recognized principle, economic or political, which can be appealed to as dictating action either favorable or adverse to municipal ownership. The whole problem is essentially one whose solution must depend upon special considerations of expediency and local conditions. The real question, therefore, is whether the advocates of municipal ownership can substantiate the claim that, under the present conditions of American municipal life, as they exist in Chicago, for example, decisions in favor of public ownership will be wisely taken or honestly carried out. Will municipal ownership, in short, assure a higher degree of honesty and efficiency than has obtained under private control? The burden of proof rests upon the advocates of the new policy. The Chicago Commission asserts that control of public means of transportation "is a governing function," which "ought not to be surrendered." But this is only a doctrinaire statement. The decision as to what is the wisest course must be based upon general observation of actual conditions, not upon mere opinions.

THE GREAT JORDAN "FAULT."

JERUSALEM, January 9, 1901.

The depression in the crust of the earth extending from Antioch, in Syria, through the Jordan valley and Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akaba and the Red Sea, was pronounced by Humboldt to be the most remarkable geological phenomenon anywhere to be found in the world. Its total length from north to south is more than 500 miles, extending through seven degrees of latitude. Its width

is never more than twenty-five or thirty miles. Its sides are formed by precipitous mountain slopes rising several thousand feet above it; while its central portion, extending from Lake Huleh to the Dead Sea, is below the level of the ocean, reaching at the surface of the Dead Sea a depth of 1,290 feet and at the bottom 2,600 feet below the Mediterranean. Twenty days in the saddle have enabled me to obtain a vivid conception of this most interesting region and to add something, I hope, to the facts concerning it which have been previously made known.

From Beirut to Damascus a narrow-gauge railroad carries one over the Lebanon Mountains and across the valley intervening between them and the Anti-Lebanon range. This valley, known as Coele-Syria, is about ten miles wide, and, though 3,000 feet above the sea, is bordered by mountains rising from 3,000 to 7,000 feet higher. Baalbek occupies its central portion, being on the divide between the Orontes River, which flows to the north, and the Litany, which runs to the south as far as the base of Mt. Hermon. On first looking down upon it one might suppose it to be a long, narrow lake-basin which had been filled with sediment; but closer attention shows that it is a synclinal depression, open at both ends, which has been levelled up by subaerial erosion and covered with the fertile wash from the limestone slopes on either side. Its productiveness is phenomenal, and it is still capable, as in all past time, of supporting a dense population. Under the protectorate of European Powers, it is fast regaining its former importance.

The Litany River, after running about eighty miles to the south and reaching a level of 2,000 feet above the sea, suddenly turns to the west and crosses the Lebanon range, making the descent to the Mediterranean in about twenty-five miles. In this part of its course it has probably taken advantage of a "cross fault," of which there are several examples farther south, which has opened a channel to the sea. But, in addition to this cause of the sudden deflection across the Lebanon range, another exists in the enormous amount of volcanic material which fills the valley west of Mt. Hermon. We had an excellent opportunity to see this after coming into the head of the Jordan Valley at Banias. The basaltic masses of rock here extend entirely across the valley, and rise in successive steps as far as the eye can reach towards the north. In every respect they are in striking contrast to the fruitful limestone strata of the mountain slopes on either side.

From Damascus we took horses on December 17 for Jerusalem. As we had no tents, we depended on finding shelter in the villages wherever we should happen to be. Our first stopping-place was Hineh, a Syrian village on the southeastern flank of Hermon, twenty-eight miles from Damascus, and nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. Our shelter was the house of the Russian priest, who was both pastor of the church and teacher of his native language in the parish school. The house was on the side of a hill, and furnished shelter for animals in the lower story. We ascended to the family residence by ten or twelve stone steps, and found there a platform in front of the door, on which all could sun themselves in pleasant weather. This, like the roofs of the houses upon which we could look on the lower portion of the hill, was

covered with dirt, well compacted through use of a stone roller. There were no glass windows in the house. The only way of admitting light was by opening the doors and the close wooden shutters on one side. A young Syrian woman who had been educated at the Scotch Mission in Damascus, and was here as a teacher in the school, was occupying the only spare room in the house. This she vacated for us. But there was no means of warming it, and as a storm came on which shut us in for all the next day, we had ample opportunity to experience some of the discomforts in the life of the region. The priest and his family of six or seven were all living in the adjoining room, where they slept and ate and cooked and warmed themselves by an open fire with no chimney to afford escape for the smoke and poisonous gases. Their only fuel was a scanty supply of corn cobs. During the evening and the following day nearly the whole village came in to see us and to shelter themselves from the driving sleet and snow. Their cheerfulness under these conditions was a constant surprise to us.

Among the visitors was a blind girl, about ten years old, whose father was dead, and who had no shoes or stockings. My compassion moved me quietly to give ten francs to the young Syrian woman who was her teacher, with which she promised to send to Damascus on the following day and buy shoes and stockings for the unfortunate girl. But I found later that it would have taken a fortune to clothe all the bare feet of the village. When the wind had abated, on the third day, but while snow was still falling, we ventured to cross the remaining spur of Hermon. Though the snow was a foot deep, it was no uncommon thing to see a buxom lass stalking barefooted through the streets of a village, with a heavy load on her back. One of our muleteers had nothing on his feet but slippers, one of which was so loose that it kept coming off. After many vain attempts to keep it on, he at length deliberately took it off and tucked it under a strap which held on his mule's load, and cheerfully waded through the snow barefooted the rest of the day. I noticed, however, that on the next day he was very quick to appropriate a pair of well-worn socks which I cast aside before starting in the morning. It is difficult to estimate the extent to which human beings can inure themselves to the inevitable hardships of life.

On descending to the Jordan valley above Lake Huleh we reached sea-level, leaving the snow line 3,000 or 4,000 feet above us, and rode along the edge of the low plain which extends about fifteen miles to the north of the lake. Near the lake this becomes so marshy that it cannot be crossed, but the most of it is cultivated by the Bedouins, who were already out in great numbers putting in seed, with their oxen and ploughs. On passing one of their numerous villages of black tents, we were accosted in good English by a Bedouin, who said he had been in America, and asked us to stop and take coffee with him. Twice before we had been thus accosted by Syrians who had been in the United States. At the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Mission in Beirut, which we chanced to attend, much was said about the tendency of their converts to emigrate to America. In one group of churches containing a membership of 400 or 500, 130 had gone to America. It is

contrary to law for them to leave the country; but the day we were at Beirut the Governor was persuaded to go out of the city for a few hours, while a whole shipload went a few miles out in the other direction and embarked for our country. The woman in the Jewish colony at whose house we stayed one night, later on, told us that her husband was in America, and she should follow him as soon as possible. The difficulty of keeping the leaven in the country which is so necessary for its regeneration, is one of the most discouraging factors in the problem of Turkish civilization.

The Jewish colony to which reference has been made, is one of those sent out by the Rothschilds, who have purchased a large tract of fertile land to the southwest of Lake Huleh. This is being rapidly brought under high cultivation, and villages of modern appearance are springing up over it. El Jannah, where we stayed, is well up on the flanks of the western mountain slope, and is surrounded with vineyards and mulberry groves for the culture of silk-worms. The village is paved and well supplied with water, and roads are built so that wagons can be used. A small silk factory, run by steam, gives employment to about 100 men and boys. Altogether the settlement has a very thrifty appearance. But it is impossible to tell how much of the thrift is due to the outside capital which is being used for temporary needs. The Jews are not natural agriculturists, and all their colonies in Palestine are still, to a considerable extent, recipients of charitable aid, especially in the support of schools and in providing medical assistance.

Lake Galilee is more than 600 feet below the level of the sea. One of the most marked of the "cross faults" of the region extends westward from the Jordan valley a little north of the lake. This is known as the Plain of Esdraelon, and falls down in its highest part to about 400 feet above sea level. The north side of this "fault" appears as a series of precipitous cliffs running east and west and a little south of Nazareth. Mt. Tabor is an outlying block projecting part way into the plain. An English company has a railway from Acre on the coast partly graded through this pass; but, for some reason, work upon it is suspended for the present.

The feature in the Jordan valley to which we gave special attention is the terrace of fine sediment, about 650 feet above the level of the Dead Sea, which completely surrounds it, and stretches far out beyond each end. This, however, attains its full height only near the margin of the valley. Towards the middle of the valley it descends, either by a gradual slope, or by a succession of more or less well-marked terraces, of which we counted twelve near the south end. Where the shores are precipitous and no streams are entering from the sides, the material consists of coarse debris, somewhat water-worn, which has fallen from the cliffs. But, whenever a water-course comes in from the bounding highlands, there is a delta-like extension corresponding in extent to the size of the stream which has contributed the material. These are, however, not characteristic of the north end of the shores, for the reason that the sea is here so deep as to have swallowed up all that the shores have heretofore brought within its reach. The delta-

like extensions of the terrace are very pronounced about the southeast, the Lisan being most prominent of them all. It is clear enough that in a recent geological age, the water-level in the valley stood for some time about 700 feet higher than now, and has gradually receded to its present level.

The cause of this fluctuation in the level of the Dead Sea opens an interesting field of speculation. By most recent writers it has been connected with the glacial period, like that of the filling up of the Salt Lake basin in Utah. As long ago as 1862 Sir Joseph Hooker announced that the cedars of Lebanon were growing on a terminal moraine. As they are 6,000 feet above the sea, this is quite likely the case; but I could detect no evidence of glacial action anywhere in the Lebanon region which we visited. There was certainly no general glaciation of the region. Still, as it is probable that the glacial period was characterized by increased precipitation and diminished evaporation over a bordering area of considerable extent, it affords an easy explanation of the rise of water in the Jordan valley. I observed, also, near the south end of the Dead Sea, evidence that the silting up took place to a large extent during a gradual rise in the water. The coarse material near the bottom was frequently so far out from the old shore, and so covered with thick strata of fine sediment, as to render no other supposition than this possible. The glacial period affords the best explanation of this.

The slopes of the whole range are so steep, and the trails so nearly impassable, that one wonders, in travelling over them, how even the present scanty population manages to live. But the limestone, like that of the Blue Grass region in Kentucky, rapidly disintegrates, and furnishes the elements needed for vegetation. By extensive terracing, the scanty soil was formerly all retained in place on the gentler slopes, while forests protect the higher and steeper slopes. It will require all the power of a centralized government and of concentrated capital to restore its former fertility. Such trails as we were compelled to pass over, south of Nabulus and all about the south end of the Dead Sea, are scarcely to be paralleled in the most inaccessible portions of the Rocky Mountains. Still, it is surprising how much can be transported on the backs of camels, mules, and donkeys, and how satisfied people can be amid the disabilities of such conditions as here exist. They need no shoes, little clothing, and scarcely any fuel. On the whole, they seem as well satisfied with their conditions as do those in the more favored portions of the earth.

G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Correspondence.

DUTCH WASHINGTONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letter from a Washington has been found among the papers of Benjamin Franklin, and is interesting because of the glimpse it gives of the Dutch Washingtons. In the genealogical table of the pedigree of Washington of Adwick-le-Street, given by Sparks, James Washington, a son of Robert of Leeds, who died in 1674, is described as a "merchant at Rotter-

dam," but his descendants are not traced. This Robert was a contemporary of the two Washingtons who emigrated to Virginia. As Adwicke is in Yorkshire, I turned to Dugdale's "Visitation of Yorkshire," made in 1666, and find that Robert is there described as a "merchant in Holland," thus moving the migration to Holland one generation back of that mentioned by Sparks. Very probably it was political troubles that drove Robert out of the country, as one of his brothers, Darcy, died in the garrison of Newark, being then in the King's service, and another brother, James, died in the last siege of Pomfret Castle. I believe no link connecting this Yorkshire family with the Sulgrave Washingtons has yet been discovered, but this letter may serve a purpose in drawing attention to the Dutch branch.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

BOSTON, March 16, 1901.

MONSIEUR

Je me sçait faire des Excuses sùficientes, pour la Liberté que je prend, ma seule Esperance Consiste en votre bonté, qui j'espère me pardonnera, pour la situation dans la quelle je me trouve. J'ai L'Honneur de porter le même Nom de ce Grand General Washington, & Comme notre Famille est Angloise, et preuve quelle a été distinguée puisque mon grand Père, le dernier de notre Famille qui est né la a reçus la Coppie de nos Armes hors la Maison du Roi, ou que L'original Existe actuellement.

Un Joseph Washington s'a fait fameux, par le changement accepté, qu'il a fait dans les Loix en Angleterre. Et Comme Mons. le Colonel Bentinck, qui a eut L'honneur d'avoir servit sous les Ordres de son Excellence, m'assure, que ce General seroit Anglois, et assez bon de me pardonner ma Liberté j'ai prit la resolution de lui Ecrire une Lettre en Anglois, dans la quelle je L'envoye une Coppie de nos Armes, j'espère son Excellence me pardonnera ma manière d'agir et quel obligation ne L'auroige pas, cy me daingeroit L'honneur de me tirer hors de mon incertitude je ne savois prendre un chemin plus Court, et plus sur, que de m'adresser à vos bontés vous pryant bien sumissivement, de me pardonner, et de prendre la pêne de vouloir Envoyer L'enveloppée a ce Fameux General j'amaie une personne au Monde, vous aura une obligation vive Comme la mienne.

Mon Grand Pere Comme je vient de marquer, venant ici en Hollande, c'est marié à une demoiselle Wijnantz, par quel mariage nous sommes parenté, à des tres bonnes Familles de ce pais ci. Comme mon Oncle Roese qui a été General en Cette service, son Fils actuellement est une Membre de leurs Hautes Puissances, et Bourgeois de Swoll.

Mon pere qui est mort depuis douze Ans, j'avois en ce tems dix, et suis pour le présent, un des Anciens Lt: au Regiment du General Major Van Aerssen van Sommessdyck.

J'ai encore deux Oncles, Frères de mon Pere, qui ont des charges Politique, et demeurent à la Haye.

Si j'avois pas toute ce Famille, autre ça une Mère bien chérie et grace à Dieu par dans le gas de me plaindre de la Fortune, j'aurois de puis long tems me rendu en Amerique mais pour quiter tout ces Liens, & de n'être pas sur de son fait, serient des demarches bien Légères.

Mais cy je pourrais me Conter de la Famille de ce Fameux General, pas un moment de Hésitation, ou je Volerois vers Lui, pour faire en sorte, de meriter le nom d'un cy Grand Homme, en y attribuant tous mes efforts!

Ayer donc la bonté Monsieur, de Lui Envoyer L'Enveloppée ma sensibilité sera parfaite, et j'amaie une personne vous sera plus redevable que moi, qui à L'Honneur d'être, avec un respect le plus profond du monde.

Monsieur,

Votre tres Humble et tres Obeissant Serviteur,
J. WASHINGTON.
à la Haye 20 de Decemb.
1777.

ÆSCHYLUS OR SOPHOCLES?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In acknowledging the receipt of my book, "The Ballad of Manila Bay, and Other Verses," Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich kindly called my attention to what he regarded as a mistake in the title of the sonnet, "To Shelley's Sophocles," the sub-title of which reads: "The book, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was found in Shelley's hand after the body was washed ashore." I take the liberty of quoting from Mr. Aldrich's letter:

"Are you not mistaken about the volume of Sophocles being 'found in Shelley's hand'? When the body was washed ashore in the Bay of Spezia, it is said that a volume of Aeschylus was found in one pocket of Shelley's jacket, and in the other Keats's poems, 'doubled back, as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust the book away.' Such, at least, is the statement of Mr. Symonds in his life of Shelley (English Men of Letters)."

I find also that Professor Woodberry, in the first volume of his Centenary Edition of Shelley's Poetical Works (Memoir, p. lxxxii.), has given in full the quotation from Trelawny: "The tall, slight figure, the jacket, the volume of Aeschylus in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back, as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's."

On the other hand, Professor Dowden, in the second volume of his life of Shelley (p. 529), thus comments in a note: "The 'Sophocles' of Trelawny's 'Recollections' (1858) is changed to 'Aeschylus' in his 'Records' (1878). Mr. Garnett, in his article on 'Shelley's Last Days,' also says 'Aeschylus.' In August, 1886, I had in my hands the volume preserved at Boscombe Manor as that found in Shelley's pocket, and I made certain that that volume is Sophocles."

To confirm the accuracy of my own note-taking in the Bodleian, I wrote to my friend Mr. W. R. Morfill, professor of Russian literature in the University of Oxford, and examiner in English literature for the University of Cambridge, and his reply has just come:

"As regards the Shelley volume, I have gone fully into the matter for your benefit and inspected carefully the documents. The evidence comes from Lady Shelley, the poet's daughter-in-law, and may be relied upon. The book is a copy of *Sophocles*, Oxford edition, 1809, two volumes bound in one. It is true that Shelley held it in his hand, and was clasping it when his body was found. This is attested in documents under the hand of Lady Shelley, and they are bound up in a volume as *pièces justificatives*."

It would seem, therefore, that certain of our literary authorities should be revised, in the light of Professor Dowden's note and of these Bodleian documents.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, March 19, 1901.

SIR HUDSON LOWE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the microbe of militarism is ravaging far and wide so that war is justified by one notable writer, glorified by another, and, by Lord Rosebery,

apologized for in the person of its truest modern exponent, Napoleon, may a look-on breathe a word on behalf of that much pilloried individual, Sir Hudson Lowe? Or, rather, may I call into court one who has a good word to say for him—one who was a canny Scotch woman, of wide social experience, and a shrewd judge of men and things? This gentlewoman, first Miss Grant, later Mrs. Smith, wrote an account of her life, called 'Memoirs of a Highland Lady,' and the mention of Sir Hudson Lowe may be found on pages 459-460 of this work.

Captain and Mrs. Smith, on their way home to England, stayed for awhile at Colombo, Ceylon, and were pleasantly entertained by a Scotch friend, Campbell Riddell. Festivities were frequent, and concerning one of these Mrs. Smith says:

"At the first of these entertainments I was taken to dinner by a grave, particularly gentlemanly man in a general's uniform, whose conversation was as agreeable as his manner. He had been over half the world, knew all celebrities, and contrived, without display, to say a great deal one was willing to bear. About the middle of dinner the Governor called out, 'Sir Hudson Lowe, a glass of wine with you'—people did such barbarities then—to which my companion bowed assent. Years before, with our Whig principles and prejudices, we had cultivated in our Highland retirement a horror of the great Napoleon's gaoler. The cry of party, the feeling for the prisoner, the book of Surgeon O'Meara, the voice from St. Helena, had all worked my woman's heart to such a pitch of indignation that this maligned name was an offence. We were to hold the owner in abhorrence. Speak to him, never! look at him, sit in the same room with him, never! None were louder than I, more vehement; yet here was I beside my bugbear and perfectly satisfied with my position. It was a good lesson. He had been sent to Ceylon because he was so miserable at home. People, judging him as we had done, tabooed him remorselessly. He was so truly sent to Coventry that he once thanked Col. Pennington in a coffee-house for the common civility of handing him a newspaper, saying that any civility was now so new to him that he must be excused for gratefully acknowledging it. The opinion of less partial times has judged more fairly of Sir Hudson, his captive, and the surgeon. Timidity and anxiety made Sir Hudson unnecessarily vexatious. Buonaparte was not in a mood to be placable, and Mr. O'Meara wanted money and notoriety, which he gained at no expense."

Too much of latter-day history and criticism consists in taking sides; yet it seems a pity that there should be again held up for contumely an officer and gentleman whose great misfortune it was to be set to guard a military genius—Heaven save the mark!—who had cost England and Europe millions of lives, millions of money, and a sum total of misery which cannot be reckoned.

To all who have any saving grace of humor, however, a complaint of ungente processes by those who uphold and defend war seems rather droll. War is the peculiar thing in which the end is believed to justify the means. Judged by a military standard, therefore, Sir Hudson Lowe is amply justified. He was a military man. He was set to do a certain thing, and he did it. Obedience and success are, according to the present Emperor of Germany (and who knows if he does not?), the soldier's chiefest virtues. Few deny, however, that war teaches bloody instructions which are most direfully successful in returning to plague their inventors. V.

BALTIMORE, March 20, 1901.

Notes.

In connection with the Clarendon Press colotype facsimile of the Shakspeare First Folio of 1623 (the Chatsworth copy), Mr. Sidney Lee, who is to contribute the preface, desires to make a census of extant copies. To any owner he will send a collation, mainly from Lowndes's 'Bibliographer's Manual,' and a schedule of particulars. Mr. Lee's address is No. 108 Lexham Gardens, Kensington, London, W.

D. Appleton & Co. offer their whole extensive list of publications to purchasers "on a subscription basis"—i. e., on payment in easy weekly instalments. This is a new departure of a very radical character, and the operation of it will be watched with interest.

Among Henry Holt & Co.'s preliminary spring announcements we remark 'A Popular Political History,' till Lincoln's death, by Mrs. Viola A. Conklin; 'A History of German Literature as Determined by Social Forces,' by Prof. Kuno Francke; 'Selections from the Divina Commedia of Dante,' with English translations facing the original text, by Richard James Cross; 'The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Literature and Art,' by John D. Champlin; 'Hypnotism and Suggestion in Therapeutics, Education, and Reform,' by Dr. R. Osgood Mason; 'A Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada,' by Prof. N. L. Britton; 'A French and English Dictionary,' by Prof. A. Hjalmar Edgren and Percy B. Burnet; and 'An Italian Dictionary,' by Professor Edgren.

We select from Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring list 'The Life and Times of William Lowndes,' by H. H. Ravenel; 'English Politics in Early Virginia History,' by Alexander Brown; 'The Mayflower and her Log,' by Azel Ames, M.D.; 'Falstaff and Equity,' by Charles E. Phelps, Judge of the Supreme Court of Baltimore; 'The Life Everlasting,' by John Fiske; 'Poems,' by William Vaughn Moody; 'The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley,' "Cambridge Edition," in one volume, edited by Prof. George E. Woodberry; 'Every-day Birds,' by Bradford Torrey; 'Content in a Garden,' by Candace Wheeler; 'Substitutes for the Saloon,' edited by Raymond Calkins; 'Penelope's Irish Experiences,' by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin; 'The Successors of Mary the First,' by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; and the complete works of Macaulay in ten octavo volumes.

Set down for April by Harper & Bros. are the *Sun's* review of 'The Progress of the Century'; 'The Bolivian Andes: A Record of Climbing and Exploration,' by Sir Martin Conway; 'Orations and Essays of Edward John Phelps,' edited by J. G. McCullough, with a memoir by John W. Stewart; and 'Practical Golf,' by Walter J. Travis.

'The Insect Book,' by Dr. L. O. Howard, with large photographic color-plates, will be added by Doubleday, Page & Co. to their nature series.

Announcements by Funk & Wagnalls Co. are 'The Hexaglot Bible,' in six volumes, a European production; volume i. of 'The Jewish Encyclopædia,' complete in twelve quarto volumes; 'Scientific Side-Lights,' classified illustrations, compiled for the benefit of public speakers, writers, editors, etc., by James C. Fernald; 'Holy Days and Holidays,' an anniversary-day encyclopædia compiled by the Rev. E. M. Deems, D.D.; and the index volume to Parker's 'Peo-

ple's Bible,' compiled by the Rev. Henry T. Page.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready 'Monopolies Past and Present,' by Prof. James E. Le Rossignol, and the Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe, edited by Prof. James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia, and others.

John Churton Collins's 'Ephemera Critica' is on the point of being published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Century Company has thrown open to the trade its 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,' heretofore a subscription work, at a reduced price, in four volumes. This will be good news for small purses.

Macmillan Co. have in press 'American Diplomatic Questions,' by John B. Henderson, jr.

The annual report of the Selden Society gives an account of the progress of its work. Volume xiv. for 1900, 'Beverly Town Records,' was published in November; volume xiii., 'Select Pleas of the Forests,' edited by Mr. S. J. Turner, is still in arrears. Volume xv., the first volume of 'Select Proceedings in the Star Chamber,' is expected to be out on time in the summer of 1901. Provisional arrangements (subject to contingencies) have been made for the following publications in subsequent years: 1902, 'Select Jewish Plea Rolls,' edited by Mr. J. M. Rigg; 1903, 'Year Books of Edward II.,' volume i., edited by Professor Maitland and Mr. Baildon; 1904, 'Star Chamber,' volume ii., edited by Mr. I. S. Leadam; 1905, 'Year Books of Edward II.,' volume ii., edited by Professor Maitland and Mr. Baildon; 1906, 'Glanvill,' edited by Mr. I. S. Leadam. Mr. Richard W. Hale, No. 10 Tremont Street, Boston, is the Secretary for the United States.

The publishers of Johnston's 'High School History of the United States' (Henry Holt & Co.) have always taken pains to keep this well-known text-book up to date, both by furnishing supplementary chapters on each new Presidential period, and by adding bibliographical notes, topical readings, new maps, and new illustrations. The preface of the first edition is dated 1885. Since that time the text has been revised by two editors, Prof. W. M. Daniels of Princeton and Prof. William MacDonald of Bowdoin. The volume which we now have in sight comes fresh from the hands of Professor MacDonald and shows signs of careful editing. Apart from a chapter on the McKinley Administration, the substance of the book remains unchanged. At several points the narrative has been expanded, but asterisks are inserted to point out any departure which has been made from the original words. Professor MacDonald states his aim as having been to add to the book's practical usefulness "without sacrificing its essential characteristics, or doing violence to the principles on which it was constructed." He has kept within the limits of this conservative revision.

The 'Morte Arthure,' an important and attractive alliterative poem of the fourteenth century, well known to English scholars in the editions of Halliwell, Perry, and Brock, is now reëdited for students by Mary Macleod Banks (Longmans, Green & Co.). It is remarkable as being in spirit the least Celtic piece of the Round Table cycle. The story here has little of the mysticity and elfin light which became its chief characteristic in Malory and Spenser. There is a sturdy

Anglo-Saxon quality shot through it, and it is full of a precision in observation and realism in description which continually remind one of Chaucer. In view of this, and of the brisk energy of the whole story, it is peculiarly suited to college reading, and Miss Banks is to be thanked for presenting it in a form so convenient and pleasant. The editing, as a whole, is sound and intelligent. It might have been worth while to discriminate the place of the poem in the Arthurian cycle a little more closely, or, at least, to abstract from Sommer's exhaustive discussion of that point. Particularly good are the scattered notes suggesting the cogent influence of alliteration over the association of names in myth and legend; but it is hard to believe with Miss Banks that the pervasive notion of the fondness of giants for the flesh of young children arose wholly from the similarity in sound of *barn* (child) and *bar* (boar). The vocabulary is the least satisfactory section of the book.

'Elements of Statistics,' by Arthur L. Bowley (P. S. King & Son), is clearly intended for the advanced student, or for one intending to prepare for an examination for entrance into the British public service. The work of Bertillon, however many its merits, was written with the French administrative system in view, and could be of little service outside of France as an introduction to statistics. Mr. Bowley's work suffers from the same limitations, and the Labor Department of the Board of Trade is the main objective of the leading chapters. The schedules of that Department are analyzed, the resulting tables criticised, and most of the examples are taken from reports on wages. This is unfortunate, for wage statistics are notoriously elusive, and even the best are open to grave objections. More than the inherent difficulties in the way of obtaining good results stands the serious neglect shown to this branch of inquiry in the United States, where no two States pursue the same methods. It is to be feared, therefore, that Mr. Bowley's studies will not receive the attention they merit. Upon the subject of averages, index-numbers, and the theory of probability applied to statistics the book is full, and shows that the author is familiar with the most recent work of Pearson, Edgeworth, and others in these lines of investigation. The numerous diagrams included are suggestive and valuable. Yet it is not a book for the beginner, however necessary to the student.

One of the more pretentious of the recent books for the gardener is a bulky volume by Mr. John Weathers, F.R.H.S., from the press of Longmans, Green & Co. The author has endeavored to produce a book sufficiently complete to be of substantial use to the professional gardener as well as to the amateur. The volume opens with a non-technical discussion of the life history of the plant, its methods of reproduction, and the nature and care of the soil. A consideration of the flower garden follows, with lists of varieties best fitted for various situations. The main body of the work is devoted to an exhaustive enumeration of the plants known to horticulture in so far as they are hardy out of doors in Great Britain. Accompanying the account of each species are brief directions for its culture and propagation. This feature of the book is one of decided value, since we here find brought together in a convenient compass the most important information about plants from all parts of the globe.

While a few particulars regarding American plants are hardly correct as they stand, the information is, generally speaking, well chosen and fairly accurate.

'A Handy Book of Horticulture' is the title of a small book recently issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. and John Murray, London. The author, the Rev. F. C. Hayes, Lecturer in Horticulture in Alexandra College, Dublin, discusses in an attractive way the problems that present themselves to those who are beginning to study garden-making, and in untechnical language answers many of the questions that are sure to puzzle the beginner. Advice is given concerning the choice of varieties for different situations and the kind of care needed to insure the desired results. The author suggests methods of handling not only the ornamental but also the useful part of the garden. Although written by and for a resident in a British climate, the greater part of the book would prove almost equally useful to amateurs in America.

Another recent book on gardening, which deals with the raising of vegetables only, is by Prof. Bailey of Cornell University. The materials and appliances used by the gardener are discussed, and directions are given for their care and use; advice, too, concerning the kind of soil best adapted for each crop, how the seed should be sown, the plants be cared for, and how best to harvest and market or store the crop. This latest number of the Rural Science Series (Macmillan Co.) is an attractive addition to the list of Bailey's garden books.

M. Émile Boutmy, of the Institute of France, presents in a small volume three obituary essays on men of unequal merit and reputation, Taine, Scherer, Laboulaye (Paris: Armand Colin). The circumstances under which these papers were originally written involved some sacrifice of critical spirit in favor of eulogy, thus giving to Laboulaye a measure of importance somewhat difficult to ratify. How many readers of the present generation know 'Paris en Amérique' or 'Le Prince Caniche'? The study of Scherer dwells chiefly on the moral struggle between reason and faith which resulted in skepticism and (fortunately for literature) determined a critical career. As regards Taine, little is here added to what the world already knows concerning his intellectual life and its influence, but a few discreet remarks confirm the conviction that, with his death, his few intimates lost the privilege of intercourse with a charming personality.

The tendency towards broad generalizations is somewhat too obvious in M. Pierre de Coubertin's last volume on educational theory, 'Notes sur l'Éducation Publique' (Paris: Hachette). In view of the rising tide of democracy, the author holds that certain concessions must be made to suit the immediate practical demands of the next generation or two—chiefly in the reduction of formal study for the sake of knowledge bearing on active life, and of better equipment in the direction of physical culture. The chapters dealing with the last question, being written from minute and special observation, are not only the most interesting, but the most serviceable in the book. Such topics as the education of women and the place of art in educational training, here rapidly dealt with each in a single chapter, are too complex to be disposed of so summarily.

A further excellent addition to the specimens from great writers ('Pages Choiesies,' Armand Colin) comes to hand in volumes on Joseph de Maistre, Stendhal, and Turgenieff. Of the introductions the most complete and thorough is that on De Maistre by H. Potez; it explains clearly the grounds of the philosopher's reactionary absolutism, and pays the usual tribute to the austere integrity of his character. It might not, however, be difficult to show that De Maistre's theocratical system is frequently less coherent and consistent than most of his critics seek to make out. In all three cases the extracts are judiciously chosen.

The second volume of Nova Scotia Archives contains a reprint of official letters and documents covering the years 1713-1741. They are interesting for the light they throw upon the manner in which an isolated province inhabited by French and Indians was governed by a handful of Englishmen. The most noteworthy of these governors, however, was not an Englishman, but Paul Mascarene, an exiled Huguenot, and his numerous letters show not only the difficulties of his delicate position, but also the wisdom and firmness with which he ruled his turbulent fellow-countrymen, the "habitants." The editor, Prof. A. M. Macmechan, has contributed a large number of explanatory notes and an excellent index. There is also a plan of the fort of Annapolis Royal in 1710.

An organization which started up in Philadelphia, but which is rapidly extending its work over the larger cities of the Union, and which has the not very happily chosen name of "The Book-Lovers' Library," undertakes to do for readers of books what the circulating libraries fail to do—to furnish service; that is, to deliver books (in neat and fresh condition) every week at everybody's door. One will thus get his ample allowance of reading matter, at least so far as the newer books are concerned, with as little trouble as he (or rather she) now gets the family dinner sent home, or the family shopping. The venture is already very successful, and there is no doubt that it meets a want that will grow by what it feeds on. It is a curious question whether it will have the tendency to increase the size of editions of the popular books by increasing largely, as it is sure to do, the number of those who read them, or to diminish it, by enabling the people who would have read a given book anyway to get on without the trouble of buying it.

—The catalogue of the Rawlinson manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, of which two volumes appeared some time since, has been completed by the addition of two more volumes of entries and one of index. The papers listed in volumes 3 and 4 are of a miscellaneous character, with theology and politics occupying chief place. Of special collections, those of Thomas Hearne, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Rawlinson family are most extensive. There are a large number of Italian historical tracts, and instructions to papal ambassadors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among items of special interest we note lists of the members of twenty-nine livery companies of London, in or about 1650; a life of Sir Thomas More, by Nicholas Harpsfield; a collection of 128 state papers, mainly warrants and letters to Percy, King Charles's general of artillery in the Civil War; the journal of the Earl of Sunderland during his diplomatic mission to Vienna, in 1705;

three volumes of proceedings of the synods of the French Protestant Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a collection of tracts relating to the French Protestants; the earliest and shortest text of the travels of Sir John Maundeville; a copy of the 'Quest of the Holy Grail,' in French prose, showing numerous verbal variations from Furnivall's edition, and with considerable additional matter; and a copy of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' with similar divergences from the Paris edition of 1533.

—Papers relating to America are numerous, though none are of the first importance. The manuscript of John Dunton's American narrative, 1685-6, first printed in 1867 by the Prince Society, is here, as are also some letters from George Fox and other Quakers, 1669-75, including an account of Fox's travels in Jamaica and New England, as given in his journal. A copybook of papers relating to the Bermudas, 1615-88, includes a collection of laws, 1623-63, and orders, 1622-61, additional to the printed laws of 1622, and letters and papers regarding the *quo warranto* brought against the Somers Islands company. There are a number of entries referring to the affairs of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, particularly to the boundary controversy between those colonies. Among these is a letter from New Hampshire, dated July 22, 1720, to Henry Newman, Secretary to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, appointing him agent in England for that colony, with a salary of £100, and with instructions respecting several matters, especially the delimitation of the boundary. A note to a later entry (vol. iii., p. 558, No. 74) conjectures that this may have been Newman's "first direct commission as sole authorized agent with a fixed salary," since Newman and Jeremiah Dummer had already been employed as agents for the colony. Interesting, also, is an account of the contingent expenses of New York under Bellamont, 1698-9, and Cornbury, 1702-3, and "a copy of the paper which Alderman [Robert] Parker, late of Lynn, laid before the trustees for establishing the colony of Georgia in America, since his retiring from that colony, to complain of the maladministration there," dated London, November 29, 1736.

—Building the tombs of the prophets maltreated in their day is a practice which once met with sharp reproof; but that it has not yet been discontinued witness 'Jonathan Edwards: A Retrospect; Being the Addresses Delivered in Connection with the Unveiling of a Memorial in the First Church of Christ in Northampton, Mass., on the 150th Anniversary of his Dismissal from the Pastorate of that Church' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The volume is edited by Prof. Norman Gardiner of Smith College, who contributes a valuable essay, "The Early Idealism of Edwards," which argues convincingly that this idealism was not derived from Berkeley. Not being, it signifies a wonderful precocity. Dr. H. T. Rose, now pastor of the church from which Edwards was dismissed in 1750, tells the story of his dismissal in a manner that is the more pathetic for its quiet tone. It was certainly a remarkable business, this dismissal of New England's ablest preacher, theologian, and philosopher from the church which he had hung so heavily with the laurels of a

great career. Nothing contributes so much to the unity of the various addresses, letters, etc., as the comparison that is made between Edwards and Dante. In the address of Dr. A. V. G. Allen, whose 'Life of Edwards,' so admirable in every way, singled him out for prominence in the memorial proceedings, this comparison is run out into many particulars. The most obvious, Edwards's description of Sarah Pierrepont, whom he married, and Dante's of Beatrice in the 'Vita Nuova,' could hardly escape the dullest person acquainted with the two passages. But we are assured that Edwards's engagement with hell was much less than Dante's; that Edwards's Enfield sermon has tipped the scales of popular judgment of his preaching too much to the infernal side. Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, makes the frankest possible disclosure of the departure of the New Orthodoxy from Edwards's sterner doctrines. The bronze memorial, designed by Mr. Herbert Adams, the unveiling of which called for these addresses, is a beautiful portrait in relief, three-quarters length, somewhat idealizing and strengthening a portrait of 1740, and suggesting less the prophet of the Great Awakening than the preacher of the Farewell Sermon, though we are assured that Edwards's manner was never so hot as his matter.

—'Under England's Flag' (Macmillan) is not, as might be inferred from the title, another fervent essay in patriotism, like Dr. Fitchett's 'How England Saved Europe.' It is a rather ill-named piece of autobiography which centres around certain episodes in the life of Capt. Charles Boothby, R. E., during the years 1804-09. The book itself is a sincere and straightforward description of campaigning in the two Sicilies and the Peninsula, with passages concerning Sir John Moore's expedition to Sweden. Capt. Boothby never rose to high military rank, nor did he reach such general distinction as is represented by a place in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' But his journal shows a quick appreciation of military and political tendencies, besides a degree of cheerfulness which at once commends his writings and his character. This impression is confirmed by numerous family letters which are also printed. The Boothbys are known to picture-lovers by Sir Joshua's delightful portrait of the little Penelope Boothby; and Hoppner's portrait of Capt. Boothby's mother, Lady Rafaela, is a vigorous piece of work. The private life of the family seems to have been delightful, and we seldom see a young man's loyalty to his father better illustrated than it is here. We must warn "preface readers" against taking their impression of this volume from the author's very evangelical remarks; not that they are out of place, but because they create the wrong idea that the contents will probably have the character of a tract. The book was written in 1824, though it is now published for the first time. We should also connect it with 'A Prisoner of France,' which has already been printed, and wherein are described the later acts of Capt. Boothby in the Peninsular war. We are unable to comment in detail upon his various adventures prior to 1809, but there is one admirable feature of the whole narrative which we must mention—its honesty of tone. While Capt. Boothby did

his soldier's duty, he could not shut his eyes to the vileness of war, nor could he withhold his pen from describing it. Lovers of glory may find it useful to read a short passage about the Battle of Maida. "It was a field of battle smoking with recent carnage, peopled with prostrate warriors distorted with the death agony, harnessed for battle in gay colors, feathers, and gold, but stained and bathed in their own life-blood, having on that gory bed closed all the sanguine, joyous hopes of life. A sight so disfigured, what heart of rock could long dry-eyed behold!"

—The most magnificent sanatorium of ancient or modern times was, probably, that group of edifices which sprang up, by degrees, around the temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus. Pure air, charming mountain scenery, elaborate hostels and baths, gymnasiums, a stadium, a library and music-hall, the most beautiful theatre in the Grecian world, were among the attractions which drew hosts of invalids and their friends to this resort, while the god himself, assisted by his satellites and his sacred serpents, appeared to the sick in dreams, and worked cures and miracles which are attested by official records accidentally preserved to us. Year by year, since 1880 or thereabouts, new structures have been excavated, and the precinct exceeds in extent even those of Delphi and Olympia combined. A good general description of the latest results of these excavations and of the probable purpose of the various buildings is furnished in two lectures by Richard Caton, M.D., on 'The Temple and Ritual of Asklepios,' delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and printed by the Cambridge (Eng.) University Press (New York: Macmillan Co.). They are illustrated by several restorations and about thirty photographs. Dr. Caton's point of view is that of an intelligent amateur who has repeatedly visited and examined the ruins and has availed himself of the latest authorities, including the treatise of Cavvadias published last year. As a physician, his opinion is, of course, striking and valuable with regard to certain technical matters. The dormitories, he thinks, could not have accommodated more than four or five hundred patients. The *abaton*, a lofty and airy sleeping-chamber, its southern side being an open colonnade, "is singularly like the shelter-balcony or *Liegehalle* now used in treating phthisis. . . . There can be little doubt that many of the sick benefited greatly by the rest, the pure air, the simple diet, the sources of mental interest, the baths, exercise, massage, and friction, and in later days by the actual medical treatment adopted. Surgery was also employed." In fine, the sacred precinct necessarily gave opportunities for scientific study, and in the lapse of time had its resources reinforced by scientific methods from outside.

—Dr. Caton tantalizingly refrains from any speculation as to possible resemblance of the alleged cures to those of modern hypnotism or suggestion, nor does he compare the miracles with those of modern shrines. The preposterousness of some of these and of their method, as noted on page 38, is slightly modified if we remember that the patient *dreamed* his head was cut off, etc., though the text is imperfect. It cannot be true that the theatre was built 450 B. C. (p. 18), and the Tholos in the fourth century B. C. (p. 10). They both, probably, must be

ascribed to the middle or latter part of the fourth century. Nor was it possible for "priest and patient to attend theatrical representations constantly"; the theatre in classic times was an intermittent luxury. The matter-of-fact style and statements of Dr. Caton will bear supplementing; and the casual English reader may profitably turn to Diehl or Dyer, and especially to the beautiful chapter in 'Marius, the Epicurean.'

—The troubles in China almost make one forget that Japan, too, had once her "Boxer period," and that for years it was the hope of earnest, but misguided, patriots, as well as swashbucklers, that the foreigners would all be driven into the sea, and the Divine Country be again shut up from the world. A volume recently published in Tokio, entitled 'Eshin Funinroku' (literally, revolution, wind-sky record), and treating of the period of storm and stress before 1870, by Baron Suyematsu, now Minister of the Interior in the Imperial Cabinet, brings out this anti-foreign feeling very clearly. The author, who has already distinguished himself by a translation in English of one of the best-known works of the Middle Ages, the 'Genji Monogatari,' is now engaged in writing 'Kai Ten Roku,' a history of the movement that culminated in the revolution of 1868, which will be of high interest. To secure facts not to be found in written documents, he interviewed the Premier Marquis Ito and Count Inouye. Both of these patriots have survived the period of swords, clubs, and topknots, the dangers of foreign ships and lands, the bloody escapades of clan feuds, and the murderous attacks of foreign-haters, and, still worse, the sentimental necessity often laid on gentlemen of the old school to commit harakiri. They are yet in high place, but always, whether in or out of office, are and have been for a generation the first subjects of the Emperor. Ito, we believe, is unscarred; but Count Inouye, for once daring to speak in favor of Western civilization, was cut and left for dead, his wound extending from shoulder to thigh. With the rough surgery of a comrade, who used ordinary tatami (rice-straw mat), needles, and common twine, to sew up the gash, his life was saved. The book gives a vivid picture of the days when narrow-minded rulers and patriots wished to keep Japan closed, or to borrow foreign forces only to keep the alien out. Yet no instances of mob violence are known as in China, but only the actions of individuals or groups of clansmen. Unlike China, Japan had a dualism in government. The energies of loyal patriots were therefore utilized in destroying what was historically a usurpation. What is most remarkable about this book is the absolute frankness with which everything in the past is laid open. Nothing is concealed. Both the author and the high officers who furnished the information seem to take the greatest pride in giving the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Yet it is exactly this very spirit and procedure which are as different from the old Japan, which was moulded under Chinese influences, as the Japan of our day, in all her ways and works, is different from the China of 1901. It is a fresh and striking contribution to that study of Altaic psychology which challenges the attention of students of the East and of humanity in general.

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN.

The Autobiography of a Journalist: William James Stillman. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

"You don't give dates enough, I think—there's one fault for you!" So Edward Fitzgerald reproached Fanny Kemble a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Stillman has anticipated this objection in his own case. "Of a life so desultory, fragmentary rather," he says (p. 467), "it is useless to keep the chronology," and in his preface: "In what is peculiar to myself, and so of relatively trivial moment, dates and the order of events are of little importance." He has not, however, neglected the order of events, though between page 2, which records his mother's birthday, and page 118, there are but two dates, and from one of these alone his own birth-year (1828) is left to be inferred.

His native place, equally uncertified, was Schenectady, N. Y. His stock, however, was pure Yankee—on his father's side, from Connecticut by way of Rhode Island, where it mingled with the Rhode Island Maxsons, of whom his mother was one. Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which some instalments of this autobiography have already seen the light, will recall the elaborate study of the parent to whom the youngest of nine children was most and fondly attached. The story opens with this painfully impressive delineation of "A New England Mother and her Family," whose self-tormenting Seventh-Day Baptist Puritanism has been completely outgrown by the author—"by a purely evolutionary process, without revolt or revulsion"; just as the keen and unerring sportsman has been converted into a loather of the needless taking of animal life. There was a successful revolt from senseless paternal severity, ending in the boy's running away to New York; and he was fortunate in obtaining a college education against his father's opposition. This—at Union, under Dr. Nott, of whom there is an excellent presentation—and an innate love of nature and of art were the leaven which was to work the spiritual transformation. But, also, we must read between the lines a personality of rare attractiveness, such as made his oldest brother Thomas his generous benefactor while he lived, and such as caused him to be received with open arms in the famous and fastidious Cambridge circle of the early fifties. "You came into my loneliness," said Lowell, alluding to the loss of his first wife, "like an incarnate inspiration." Any one can understand this who looks at the charming frontispiece portrait from Rowse's drawing of 1856.

It is the head of the budding artist, the first pupil of the late F. E. Church, idealist enough to resolve on going to Europe with the thirty dollars fetched by his first painting; of the already established protégé of Ruskin, for whom he was to name his eldest boy; of the companion of Rossetti, Millais, and the Pre-Raphaelite group; of the budding journalist, the founder of the *Crayon*. Also, in what is by far the most romantic personal episode in the whole narrative, of the ardent emissary of Kossuth. Perhaps we may pause here to quote Mr. Stillman's judgment of a celebrity disastrously tried by the touchstone of American abolitionism during his fruitless visit to America. "Incompetent conspirator" he is called on page

153, and on page 162 he is dismissed in this passage:

"More than thirty years after [1853], I went to see Kossuth at Turin, and introduced myself as the young man who went to Hungary for him to carry off the crown jewels. He burst out with an impetuous denial of the existence of the expedition. 'But,' said I, 'I have your letters written to me in Pesth.' 'I should like to see those letters,' he replied. I promised to send them, conditionally on his promise to return them; but, thinking it over, I sent him only one, enclosed in a stamped envelope directed to myself, with a letter recalling the promise to send it back. I never heard from him again, however, and saw that he only wanted to get the letters to suppress their evidence."

The memorable Adirondack Club, formed under Mr. Stillman's enthusiastic leadership, has been described by his pen before, and no one can have forgotten the tender Emerson eager to kill a deer, and paralyzed in the act by the Genius of the place, which wanted him for higher ends. The present rehearsal and the chronicle of Mr. Stillman's stay in Cambridge, which confirmed some of his most lasting and beneficial friendships, afford opportunity for painstaking interpretations of Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, and, above all, Lowell—who has a whole chapter to himself, wrought with acute sympathy for the poet's crushing bereavement, as is manifest when Mr. Stillman opens his own permanently wounded heart in grief for his ill-fated boy Russie. We shall not quote from these portions, but, shifting with the scene to England, will give this picture of the poet Clough (one of the Cambridge circle by temporary adoption), better, perhaps, for its brevity than some of the more labored (page 302):

"Of all the people of the poet's temper I ever knew, Clough was the least inclined to talk of poetry; and, but for the sensitive mouth and the dreamy eye, with a reflective way he had when talking, as if an undercurrent of thought were going on while he spoke, one might have taken him for a well-educated man of business, a poet-banker, or publisher. Perhaps it is in the memory more than it was in the life, but, as I recall him, there seemed to be in him an arcanum of thought, something beyond what came into every-day existence—a life beyond the actual life, into which he withdrew, and out of which he came to speak. I should have liked to live beside him and know him always, for in that phase of him was infinite study. What I did see, however, left on me the impression of a man who was able only to sketch out the life he would have lived—a life of far greater capabilities than anything accomplished could indicate."

In many periodicals and on many occasions, Mr. Stillman has told of the cooling of Ruskin's attachment for him, of the disastrous effect of his doctrine on his own art, and of his ultimate emancipation from the doctrine. It is cursorily treated here, but sufficiently, and we need not dwell on it. We must pass over, too, the glimpses of French artists of renown with whom a sojourn in Paris made our American acquainted. Failure to be accepted for enlistment in our civil war was the turning-point in his career, for he committed, in his view, the error of his life in accepting a consular appointment in 1865 to Rome, then Papal territory, in lieu of Venice, which he sought for, but which Mr. Howells obtained without desiring it. "All the disasters of my subsequent life," he observes, "came from that error," namely, of "having accepted the miserable and delusive advantage of an official position under my Government."

"But my position was a difficult one. The arts were, for the war times, suspended"; and he could not well live with his relatives. The Roman chapter is one of the sprightliest in the book, and will always be valuable to students of our perverse consular system. "Of a minister of the United States of America found drunk in the streets of Berlin by the police, and a chargé d'affaires who, in an outbreak at Constantinople, hoisted the flag over a brothel he frequented, the memory," says our author, "is, perhaps, too old to have reached men born much later than I; but, for the twenty years of my first knowledge of European matters, our representation abroad was a disgrace to America" (p. 371). We remark for this period some details regarding the Brownings, and some uncompromising censure of Charlotte Cushman.

The second volume is for the most part a condensation or restatement of what is to be found in Mr. Stillman's 'Cretan Insurrection of 1866-68' (1874) and 'Herzegovina and the Late Uprising' (1877), works of lasting historic value. The epitome will be found full of interest and variety of adventure. The second work just named we owe to the first, for, reviewed by Prof. Max Müller in the *Times*, it recommended Mr. Stillman to that journal as a correspondent, which he ceased to be only on attaining the age of seventy. Speaking of his first impressions in Crete, whither he was transferred as consul from Rome, and where he played a highly important part in the course of affairs, Mr. Stillman writes (p. 378):

"I have since seen a good deal of Turkish maladministration, and I am of the opinion that more of the oppression of the subject populations is due to the bad and thieving instincts of the local officials than directly to the Sublime Porte, and that the simplest way of bringing about reforms (after the drastic one of abolishing the Turkish Government) is in the Powers asserting a right of approbation of all nominations to the Governorships throughout the whole empire. When, as at certain moments in the long struggle of which I am now beginning the history, I came in contact with the superior officers of the Sultan, I found a better sense of the policy of justice than obtained with the provincial functionaries."

Once firmly in the employ of the *Times* as its Levantine reporter, Mr. Stillman had a clear right to the title of journalist, which he has elected over that of artist, art critic, archæological explorer, or civil servant as his proper designation. Two-sevenths of the Autobiography is put behind before he appears as art critic of the *Evening Post* under Bryant, or proprietor with John Durand of the *Crayon*. He had been the New York *Herald's* Vienna correspondent during the Exposition of 1873, and served the same newspaper jointly with the *Times* during the Herzegovinian outbreak. In Athens his frankness about the Greeks cost him the love of those who had ordered a public funeral for his first wife (a true victim of their cause in Crete). In Florence he wrote too plainly of sanitary defects to become popular. To Rome, on the other hand, he gave a clean bill of health, and here he ended his connection with the "Thunderer," which insured him an honorable retirement. With "Greek Broils," "The Blockade of Greece," "Crispi," "Italian Politics," "Adowah and its Consequences"—in which Tricoups and Crispi are the leading figures and studies—these beautiful-

ly printed volumes are brought to a close, pessimistically.

"One cannot pronounce the same judgment on Greece and Italy," he says (p. 713). "The decay in Greece is economic and civic—poverty of resource and resources on one side, and on the other invincible insubordination, refusal in the individual to submit to discipline or sacrifice, the conceit of a dead and forgotten superiority which makes progress or docility impossible. The measure of apparent renovation in Athens and some other points is owing to the influence and benefactions of the Greeks who have lived and prospered in other lands, where their natural mental activity has borne fruit; but the normal progress of the nation is so slight that it has no chance in the race of races now being run in the Balkans. But the Greeks are preserved from a moral decay like that which threatens Italy by the domestic morality, due in part to temperament, but in part also to the influence of the clergy, who, if not scholars and wise theologians, are generally men of pure domestic morality and leaders of the common people. The Orthodox Church is national, lives with and for the people, has no political ambitions, and cannot endanger the state. In Italy the danger is other." "Nothing less than the courage and abilities of a Cromwell could reform government in Italy; and, in the opinion of some of the wisest and most patriotic Italians I know, the task is hopeless and the decay inevitable" (p. 725).

These sentiments seem to fit the grave, introspective face drawn recently by Miss Lisa Stillman for a frontispiece to volume ii.—lineaments pathetic and humane such as suggest the sage. Nobody who knows him well will contest the good account Mr. Stillman gives of himself on p. 389, with which we may fairly dispatch our readers to the entertaining and profitable work itself:

"My temperament and the habit of my life had always prevented me from anticipating trouble, and I never hesitated to go ahead in what lay before me, trusting to the chapter of accidents to get through; incessant activity keeping anxiety away. I have never flinched from a duty if I saw it, have never done an injustice to man or woman intentionally, and at more than one moment of my career have accepted the worse horn of a dilemma rather than permit a wrong to happen to another; and if I have been erratic and unstable, it has not been from selfish or perverse motives. I have always been what most people would call visionary, and material objects of endeavor have not had the value they ought to have had in my eyes. As I look back upon a career which has brought me into contact with many people and many interests not my own, I can honestly say that I have not been actuated in any important transaction by my own interest to the disadvantage of that of other people, though I have probably often insisted too much on my own way of seeing things, in undue disregard of the views of others. Confronted with opportunities of enriching myself illicitly, I can honestly say that they never offered the least temptation, for I have never cared enough about money, or what it brings, to do anything solely for it; and if I have been honest, it has not been from the excellence of my principles, but because I was born so."

STEPHEN'S ENGLISH UTILITARIANS.—II.

The English Utilitarians. By Leslie Stephen. In three volumes. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Putnams. 1900.

In concluding a notice, that must be all too short, of a work which in each chapter contains suggestions for many essays, we propose to follow out one of Mr. Stephen's fruitful ideas, and, under our author's guidance, exhibit the closeness of the connec-

tion between the peculiarity of John Mill's education and character on the one hand, and the peculiarity of his position and influence as a thinker. For John Mill's career assuredly presents a paradox. He was the trained apologist of, orthodox Benthamism. To the end of his life he remained its stern defender, and upheld by the most vigorous polemics all the fundamentals (as he understood them) of the Utilitarian creed. Yet he gained the confidence of a generation which was moving rapidly away from the influence of Bentham. Between 1848 and 1870 Mill was in England an intellectual power. Though a "solitary thinker," to use an expression of his own, he conciliated the trust—one might almost say the personal affection—of the youth of England.

In 1859 his treatise 'On Liberty' excited general enthusiasm. Men who were no longer exactly young felt its charm. Kingsley, who fancied himself the sworn foe of Utilitarianism, read the book through while standing in Parker's shop, and became, to use his own words, "a clearer-headed, braver-minded man on the spot." And the impulsiveness of Charles Kingsley only betrays in an exaggerated form the effect produced on persons of a more stable and judicial intellect than the author of 'Alton Locke.' When Mill, in 1870, was pressed forward, at no desire of his own, as a candidate for a seat in Parliament, he gained the support of the best and wisest among his contemporaries. The rigorous economist won the hearts and the votes of the workmen of Westminster, who distrusted political economy; and this though (or perhaps because) he stuck manfully to his expressed opinion that truthfulness was not the special virtue of English artisans. His later works complete the paradox of his position. The recognized defender of Utilitarianism encountered his severest critic in Sir J. F. Stephen, who accepted Benthamism as expounded by Bentham; and a teacher who, educated outside the influence of Christianity, had rejected throughout his life every form of religious dogma, has since his death found his last eulogists among clergymen who use his dicta as arguments in favor of ecclesiastical orthodoxy.

In 1901 the glamour which once surrounded the name of John Mill has passed away, and calm critics ask themselves for an explanation of all that is paradoxical in his position. The key to the problem is to be found, as Mr. Stephen throughout his third volume constantly intimates, in the circumstances of Mill's education and in the idiosyncrasies of his character. "He was the subject of one of the most singular educational experiments on record." James Mill determined to leave behind him a trained defender of the Utilitarian faith. This was the one object of the stern and almost cruel discipline to which he submitted the intellect of his son. His object was to "make" the boy's mind, and thus render him a successor worthy both of James Mill and of Bentham. Hence John Mill was systematically indoctrinated with the views of a sect; he was brought up to be the apologist of Utilitarianism much as the younger Pitt was, under the direction of his father, trained to become a Parliamentary statesman. James Mill's experiment in education was a strange one, and—a far greater marvel—was crowned with success. The education which James Mill

gave his son had one saving merit: "The son had been taught really to use his mind; he had been trained to argue closely, to test conclusions instead of receiving them passively, and to systematize his knowledge as he acquired it." Hence in early youth he was a vigorous controversialist, and those who accuse James Mill of injuring John by overtraining should remember that there is really no evidence that John Mill would, but for his father's discipline, have achieved high intellectual eminence, and reflect that, "after all, he certainly became one of the leading men of his generation, and if this strenuous education was not the sole cause, it must be reckoned as one of the chief causes of his success." Here, at any rate, we have the source of John Mill's extraordinary capacity for dialectical combat and for lucid exposition. As against ordinary opponents, he was a trained pugilist fighting men who could trust to nothing but their natural physical strength.

So much for John Mill's education. Turn now to his character. His nature was far more receptive than self-assertive; he was, moreover, a man of great emotional susceptibility and of most unusual tenderness; he was possessed, as is plain in every page of his autobiography, by the desire, which his father's education in no degree satisfied, to give and to receive sympathy. He was in character as much feminine as masculine.

"He had some of the amiable weaknesses which we at present—perhaps on account of the debased state of society—regard as especially feminine. The most eminent women, hitherto at least, are remarkable rather for docility than originality. Mill was especially remarkable, as I have said, for his powers of assimilation. No more receptive pupil could ever be desired by a teacher."

If to the word "receptive" we add "or retentive," we have the secret of James Mill's educational triumph. He made upon his son's mind the impression which he desired, and made it with such completeness that one naturally wonders whether, had the elder Mill so willed, the younger might not have been made into the representative of doctrines opposed to Benthamism. Is it true "that, had James Mill adhered to his early [Calvinistic] creed, his son would probably have become a fit subject for one of those edifying tracts which deal with infantile conversion"? Is it the case that a different education might have made him a Coleridgean instead of a Benthamite? Whatever be the answer to these otiose inquiries, certain it is that Mill possessed the two qualities most to be desired in a disciple—the capacity to receive and the energy to retain and defend the doctrine of his master.

The qualities, however, of mind and of heart which favored the success of James Mill's experiment ultimately produced something which, could James Mill have seen the whole result of his teaching, he might have deemed failure. John Mill's receptivity and his passion for sympathy laid him open to influences of which his father had never felt the attraction. The worship of Mrs. Taylor must have been trying to a tyrannical philosopher, accustomed to claim obedience, both moral and intellectual, from his children, and convinced that he had "made" the mind of his son. An even more serious matter was that John Mill, while believing in the fundamentals of Benthamism,

felt his heart drawn, as James Mill must have partially perceived before his own death, towards sentiments and ideas with which neither Bentham nor James Mill had any sympathy. John Mill was, indeed, inclined to overestimate the importance of emotion, and though, throughout life, something of a recluse, always condemned the want of sociability exhibited by Englishmen. His heart, if not his intellect, went out towards the Socialists. Comte at one time almost gained his allegiance. Tocqueville, whose speculations displeased James Mill, revealed to John Mill the dangers of democracy. John Mill's later theological theories would, we may be sure, have offended as much the inherited sentiment of James Mill's early Calvinism as the settled convictions of his later Atheism.

But here we pass from John Mill's education and character to their effect upon his position as a thinker. From his education springs his tenacious faith in the fundamental doctrines of Benthamism. Mr. Stephen proves, almost to superfluity, that in John Mill's ideas or assumptions there was, strictly speaking, no originality. In his logic and in his psychology he was the disciple of James Mill. In his ethics he was a Utilitarian of the school of Bentham. In his political economy he built upon the foundations laid by Adam Smith, by Ricardo, and by Malthus. His legal ideas were derived from Bentham and Austin. Above all, his conception of the relation of the individual to society and to the state was, in its essence, the conception entertained by the leaders of the school in which he had been educated. John Mill's fundamental assumptions remained, in short, till the end of his life the same as the assumptions common to the whole body of English Utilitarians. Mill's admirers of 1860 would have claimed for him an originality the existence of which is denied by Mr. Stephen. But John Mill would have agreed with his critic. He never claimed to be the expounder of new doctrines; in his own eyes he was the defender, though to a certain extent the reformer, of the Utilitarian creed.

Though Mill remained till his death a convinced Utilitarian, he was "a Utilitarian with a difference." The distinction from his predecessors is typified by his attempt to combine highly appreciative criticism of Coleridge with profound but very cold respect for Bentham. He was the guardian of the temple of truth built up by the "Fathers" of Utilitarianism, but the warmth of his sympathies made him attempt to expand the edifice in every direction, in order that he might make room therein for aspirations unknown to or contemned by his teachers. His logical and economical convictions, implanted in his mind by parental training, were derived from the eighteenth century, but by sentiment he belonged to the nineteenth. His mind may have been made by James Mill, but his heart turned towards Maurice, Sterling, and Coleridge. He was among the first to recognize the genius of Carlyle, and Carlyle, naturally enough, mistook for a moment the Utilitarian logician for a mystic. The watchword of the day (1830-1840) was "Sympathize that you may understand." This dubious dogma exactly fell in with Mill's natural disposition. He remained, for instance, the disciple of orthodox economists, and notably of Malthus and Ricardo, but he shared the aspirations of Socialists. His treatise 'On Lib-

erty' reads like an impassioned defence of Individualism, but critics such as Grote, and enthusiasts such as Kingsley, read between the lines, and saw that if Mill's argument defended *laissez-faire*, he was far from accepting the do-nothing principle.

"Political economy, he says, would have a melancholy and a thankless task if it could only prove that nothing could be done. He holds that a huge dead lift is required to raise the laborers out of the slough of despond, and he demands, therefore, nothing less than great national schemes of education, of home and foreign colonization."

He even appears to admit the truth of an idea utterly foreign to Benthamism, and, as many would add, opposed to common sense—that existing rights to property, especially in land, are invalidated by its originally wrongful acquisition. What is true of Mill's economical is true of his moral and religious teaching. Its aim is to show that the aspirations of the highest morality and the most genuine religion may be based upon Benthamite Utilitarianism.

To the generation for whom Mill was a prophet, this reconciliation of logic with enthusiasm was the source of his power. His influence has waned because, to the cooler critics of a later time, it is doubtful whether Mill really accomplished a feat which possibly in itself is incapable of achievement. In his mind the dicta of strict logic and the inspirations of ardent feeling were connected rather than combined or fused together. He expanded the philosophical edifice erected by Bentham, but did he not, in the course of renovation, shake the foundations of the fabric? Yet, whatever be the final answer to this question, the generation who counted Mill a great teacher were essentially in the right. He possessed not only that characteristic goodness perceived in him by T. H. Green, but also two great qualities not always found in men of more commanding intellectual power. He felt and imparted to others enthusiasm for liberty and for justice; he handed down from his own teachers a profound and unconquerable belief in the absolute supremacy of truth.

By Land and Sea. By the Rev. John M. Bacon, A.M., F.R.A.S. London: Isbister & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1901. 8vo, pp. 275. Four photographic illustrations.

Reviewers who are addicted to the practice of reading books through are not often sorry when they come to *l'envoi*. Yet it does sometimes happen; it did to one reviewer in the case of Mr. Bacon's volume. Somebody was wondering the other day why ballooning had not become a more generally favorite sport with Englishmen; for surely, said he, nothing could be more dangerous or more expensive. It has, however, several disadvantages; there is no din; there is not the least sense of motion, nor even a zephyr; and there is very little to see, especially in England. For when the balloonist looks down upon anything but clouds, the landscape is on most days thickly veiled with haze.

Mr. Bacon has usually had a scientific object in making his ascensions. Sometimes it was to count meteors, or make some of the other astronomical observations for which a solid support is not necessary; sometimes it was for wireless telegraphy, but predominantly it was for acoustical research. This is the natural way in

which science advances; a man first acquires some peculiar facilities for making a certain class of observations, and then he applies those facilities as best he can. Mr. Bacon gives us many curious and novel observations about sounds, and connects them in a way which even the professional physicist will find instructive. Still, one can hardly say that he has manifested a very distinguished genius for this class of investigations, the great difficultness of which is well recognized. His chief result is that, so far as he can find, no echoes are given back from air, contrary to the conclusions of Tyndall. But he mistakes the nature of the problem. Theory leaves no doubt that acoustical disturbances must be reflected from air; the question is, What are the limits of the circumstances under which they become audible, and how far can reflection from air, with the consequent interferences, account for the areas of inaudibility of fog-horns, etc.? Sounding horns from a balloon is, no doubt, a great lark, but one could not expect the perpendicular reflection of a sound from a stratum of air to be audible, especially of denser air. Nature reveals her secrets only to her most earnest worshippers, and although Mr. Bacon has been sufficiently interested in his acoustical operations to spend several days, "marooned," as he calls it, out in the German Ocean, in the Maplin Lighthouse, which stands on an iron scaffold, and has passed one night in making experiments at the top of St. Paul's dome, and another on the church-tower of Thatcham, yet it is easy to see that the animating motive of his aeronautics, as it will be that of his reader, has been the pure fun of the thing.

God defend us for blaming him, or depreciating his book. If he has not the scientific genius of a Faraday, he has another gift that is rare and serviceable to his fellow-men, for every ascent is described so simply and unsensationally, and yet so gayly and so vividly in all its details, that one might wager a pretty penny that any given reader of it, supposing the book remains at his elbow and that leisure is granted, will not leave it long without reading it again. Sober discussions of curious phenomena alternate with descriptions of ascents in each of which there cannot fail to be something more or less exciting. For example, chapter iii. describes a balloon race.

"Our opponent began by forcing the running, and from the first with obvious success. . . . To set, however, against the gain in speed acquired by flying high, there was a material loss entailed by expenditure of ballast. . . . The next move was played simply by lapse of time, without manœuvring, and resulted in a slow and steady rise and consequent gain on our part, while the opponent, reaching the culminating point due to her leap into space, suffered now from the loss of gas incurred, and was presently sinking below us. . . . From an early stage of the race I am now describing it was evident that our balloon was the more heavily, in fact too heavily, loaded, by the dead weight of passengers. We had the smaller quantity of sand at disposal, and, in consequence, our defeat was only averted by artifice. . . . Two hours had passed and we were flying at 3,000 feet. . . . At this point we saw our rival still distancing us. . . . We began settling down. . . . To say truth, there was little more manœuvring left us, for we had but one bag of ballast remaining, and this we were already paying out by dribblets to save collapse. Down we swooped, fast and faster, in spite of the constant slender flow of sand; till at last we stood ready to meet a seemingly inevitable plunge into a long level pasture. Quickly we discharged the whole remaining ballast, and so abode the issue. It was touch and go,

Diving to within three feet of the ground, our balloon hesitated, halted, and then kept level, while we coasted the whole length of the paddock with cows in stolid wonderment lying right and left of us. Then we righted, the impetus of rapid descent was spent, and we lifted, shooting up once more in right good earnest. Down plunged fields and woodland into such a fast-deepening gulf that the aneroids were promptly consulted, and showed the index-hand running backwards without stop or stay till near 6,000 feet was noted and we were still rising. The pace had been great. We were now more than a mile high, and we looked down and around. There, already behind us, lay our opponent sprawling on a grass field, a crowd of people round her, giving us an easy win after all. They had evidently thought us beat and so came down."

This was badly managed on both sides. The opponent had cast out ballast during the first rise, a most senseless proceeding. He might better never have taken it. The result was that, soon after that, Mr. Bacon's balloon was gaining. His party had, therefore, only to stay up in order to win; and they ought to have stayed as high as possible, because the wind is swifter higher up. Yet, when they were descending and, of course, "fast and faster," they payed out ballast only in a slender flow of sand. They ought, as soon as they began to descend, to have thrown out enough to make them lighter than the air. They waited until it was only by the merest luck that they did not strike anything. Still, they went up 6,000 feet. They would have gone 3,000 feet higher, at least, and have got the advantage of a stronger wind, had they done so earlier. As it was, the opponent might have stayed up long enough to beat them; but he never could have done so after his first folly, had Mr. Bacon's party discharged their ballast at the right moment.

Although Mr. Bacon records in this volume seventeen balloon-voyages made by him, and we may suppose he has made others, he still labors under the idea that the entrance of a balloon into colder air at once causes it to descend; and to account for the rising of a thistledown through cold air he thinks it necessary to suppose upward "rivulets" of warm air. At one time, he thinks, "we must have entered a cold current unknown to ourselves," because the balloon began to sink. Another time, on emerging to the upper side of an evaporating cloud before sunrise, it is the "chill" which he feels, and not the facts that the aqueous vapor is much lighter than air and that the free radiation would probably cause dew to be deposited on the balloon, that retards its ascent. When the sun sets, it is, according to him, the cooling of the air, not the cooling of the balloon, that makes it come down, although Glaisher had demonstrated that sunset does not particularly cool the higher air. And many other passages are to like effect. Physicists will know what to think of them; and they do not make the book less entertaining.

The Masque of Judgment. By William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Small & Maynard. 1900.

It would be easy for an evil-minded critic to coin epigrams at the expense of Mr. Moody's poem. He might note an occasional echo of Shelley and the phantasmagoric scenery, and name the poem "Prometheus Rebound." Or he might carp at the attempt to condense into a single thin volume the entire History of the Decline and

Fall of the Holy Cosmic Process. Or he might have a witty shot at the poet's Big Game, at his marvellous collection of Lions, Eagles, "Dragons old," and "Serpents with pendulous necks." Yet the truth of the matter is that the critic would simply have his wit for his pains. No patter of epigrams can do Mr. Moody's poem serious mischief; it is too substantial and vital to be in danger from paper pellets.

One of the most noteworthy points of Mr. Moody's book is its use of an elaborately finished and highly sophisticated literary form for the utterance of a genuinely democratic impulse. This democratic bias of thought and feeling might easily be missed by the casual reader. A "Garden in Paradise" hardly suggests Walt Whitman; and the legendary actors in the *Masque*—Raphael and the rest—the persistent abstract symbolism, the allegorical action, and the richly ornate diction carry the reader far indeed from the streets of "Man-nahatta." Yet in truth the poem is a brilliantly imaginative interpretation of the same modern impulses, of the same restless craving for richness and luxuriance of life, of the same audaciously optimistic belief in the worth of life, of the same strenuous and reckless pursuit of individual good, that are just now peculiarly characteristic of our youthfully sensuous and materialistic American nation, and that find their extreme and most picturesque expression in the raw splendor and the exultant and almost ferocious carnality of the pageant of life as the wayfarer encounters it in New York city. Be it said at once that Mr. Moody himself would probably reject this reading of his book; and be it added that his book is very far from being either carnal or sensual. Nevertheless, it is unmistakably a plea for the joy of life here and now, for the largesse of the senses, for the worth of passion ("passion is power And kindly tempered saves"), for the rigor of the cosmic game, for the divine contradictions of actual life (its "laughter and sorrow and brawl"), and, in short, for what the moralists call wealth of individual experience as opposed to any meagre ideal of asceticism. It pleads for rich diversification of the human type rather than for subordination to conventional patterns, for exuberant wilfulness rather than for tame, tea-drinking conformity.

Perhaps, to the captious reader, all this will seem to savor of moral anarchy, and indeed even the most sympathetic reader must wish that now and then Mr. Moody were a trifle less luxuriant in his description of variant moral types, and a little more explicit about the scope of his moral code. Very memorable and very beautiful are the laments of the foiled truth-seekers and the desolate lovers and the over-eager warriors who lie whelmed with woe in the Valley of Judgment—"souls defeated, broken, and undone," because they refused to "render up their wills" at the divine behest. Yet one cannot but query what neighbors these few select sinners had in the Sea of Death; whether there were any house-breakers or foot-pads there; and, if so, whether they, too, are included in Raphael's pathetic lament over the "wills" that have "ceased to search Though quite unsatisfied."

Such carping, however, Mr. Moody would doubtless deem needless and flippant, and he would urge that the general tenor and drift of the *Masque* sufficiently safeguards

its plea for freedom. And, indeed, it must be admitted that the rights of the spirit are by no means neglected. One of the most beautiful passages in the poem describes the power of the spirit to sway the senses:

"Darkly, but oh, for good, for good,
The spirit infinite
Was throned upon the perishable blood;
To moan and to be abject at the neap,
To ride portentous on the shrieking scud
Of the aroused flood,
And halcyon hours to preen and prate in the boon
Tropical afternoon."

The obverse of this truth also finds expression in equally beautiful lines:

"Not in vain, not in vain,
The spirit bath its sanguine stain,
And from its senses five doth peer
As a fawn from the green windows of a wood."

Doubtless, the *Masque* is, on the whole, a plea for the rights of the "sanguine stain" and the "senses five." And yet, quite as surely, passion and richness of experience as Mr. Moody conceives of them have a spiritual cast and color; and the impression that the entire *Masque* leaves is that of a noble and lofty idealism. Not easy would it be to find in all contemporary poetry a finer Hymn of Man than Mr. Moody has given to Raphael in the third act of his *Masque*. It might be safely read after Mr. Swinburne's "There came to the making of man," and would serve as an admirable corrective for the early pessimism of that poem:

"O Dreamer! O Desirer! Goer down
Unto untravell'd seas in untried ships!
O crusher of the unimagined grape
On unconceived lips!
O player upon a lordly instrument
No man or god hath had in mind to invent;
O cunning how to shape
Effulgent Heaven and scoop out bitter Hell
From the little shine and saltness of a tear;
Sieger and harrier,
Beyond the moon, of thine own builded town,
Each morning won, each eye impregnable,
Each noon vanished sheer!"

"Deem not that mighty gamut-frame was set
For wanton finger-fret!
No empty-hearted gymnast of the strings
Gave the wild treble wings,
Or flung the shuddering bass from hell's last
parapet.
Though now the Master sad
With vehemence shall break thee,
Not lightly did he make thee,
That morning when his heart was music-mad;
Lovely importings then his looks and gestures
had."

The characteristics of Mr. Moody's style may be in some degree captured from the passages already quoted, though the unusual vividness and splendor of his imaginary landscapes and the charm and tenderness of the lyrical interludes are not fairly represented.

A typically lovely lyric is the Song of the Redeemed Spirits flying past towards Paradise:

"In the wilds of life astray,
Held far from our delight,
Following the cloud by day
And the fire by night,
Came we a desert way.
O Lord, with apples feed us,
With fagons stay!
By Thy still waters lead us!"

"As bird torn from the breast
Of mother-cherishings
Far from the swaying nest
Dies for the mother wings,
So did the birth-hour wrest
From Thy sweet will and word
Our souls distressed.
Open Thy breast, thou Bird!"

Doubtless, this *Masque* has the faults of a first volume. It may be charged with over-ambitiousness in the choice of a subject of cosmic scope—a subject unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, and discreetly unattempted. Its style, too, is at times—not often—over-luxuriant, and languid, ready to die of its own dear loveliness. Moreover, Mr. Moody's idiom is not yet wholly individual; a wary ear catches now and then a cadence or a phrase suggestive of Shelley

or Browning or Milton. But all these flaws or faults are, by general consent, the authentic faults for the first volumes of poets doomed to go far; they are the appropriate vices of the poetic temper.

Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek.

By H. B. Swete, D.D., Hon. Litt.D. Dublin. With an appendix containing the letter of Aristæas, edited by H. St. J. Thackeray, M.A. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1900. Pp. xiv, 592.

It is a pleasant duty to welcome this work. It has been long awaited, and, now that it at last appears, it does honor to its author and to the edition of the LXX which it accompanies. The place which the book is intended to fill, and which it will certainly fill most worthily, can be easily stated. There is no attempt at new discoveries or suggestive hypotheses, but rather at such a gathering up of the already known, and stating of it in easily intelligible form, as will afford a general introduction for beginners to the study of the Greek versions. That is, what we have here is a student's manual, and not an exhaustive treatise. But Dr. Swete's idea of a student's manual is a full and generous one, and the accumulation of fact which he has heaped up is prevented from being overwhelming only by its careful tabulations and general orderliness.

The book divides into three parts: a history of the Greek Old Testament and of its transmission; an account of its contents; and of the use of it in literature, of its critical and historical value; and its textual condition. In the first part we have an account not only of the version commonly called that of the LXX, but also of the later Greek versions, of the recensions of the LXX, of secondary versions based on it, of its MSS. and printed texts—all this with a fulness that recalls Scrivener-Miller in the text of the New Testament. The second part deals with the variations between the Palestinian and Alexandrian Canons, and between the Hebrew and Greek recensions of the same texts; with the language of the LXX as to grammar and dictionary, with its general purpose and character, and the limitations and guiding principles of the translators; with stichometry, capitulation, and divisions of the text generally. The third part divides into two—the use that has been made of the LXX in the past—i. e., quotations from it by non-Christian Hellenists, in the New Testament, and in early Christian literature, and, second, the use that can be made of it now for the text and explanation of the Old Testament and for the study of the language of the New. Through all this, the needs of the student are the first consideration. There are suggestions to guide him in his studies, and, from time to time, copious accumulations of examples—e. g., pp. 330-339—to suggest problems and their solutions.

If any criticisms may be ventured of so excellent and authoritative a book, one would be against the assumption—the *πρώτον ψεύδος*, may we venture to say?—that there was a Alexandrian version, a single entity to which the term "Septuagint" may be applied. Are we not, rather, learning slowly that not only were different sections of the Old Testament translated at different times and by different hands, but

that different translations of the same sections, both absolutely independent and largely recast recensions, existed at the same time, and still exist in our extant MSS.? Another small point of criticism may be raised, which applies not to Dr. Swete only, but to almost all who have written of Origen's 'Hexapla.' If it was never copied, that was not because it "must have been the despair of copyists." Classical students who are accustomed to comparatively short texts, seem to have no idea what gigantic works can be and have been handed down by the labor of Oriental scribes. As one example alone, the 'Lisan al-'arab' of Ibn Manzur may be cited. It fills 8,812 closely printed quarto pages, and has been handed down in many copies since the death of its author, in A. D. 1311. The 'Taj al-'arus,' of equal length, though a comparatively modern work, has been copied many times. The gigantic mass of the Babylonian Talmud is another case in point. It may safely be said that it was not the labor of copying the 'Hexapla' which lost it for us.

Ten Months a Captive among Filipinos: Being a Narrative of Adventure and Observation during Imprisonment on the Island of Luzon, P. I. By Albert Sonnichsen. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

Since the beginning of our troubles in the Philippines, we have had no interior view of the conditions there equal to Mr. Sonnichsen's narrative of his captivity, excepting possibly the highly significant reports of Cadet Leonard R. Sargent and Paymaster W. B. Wilcox of the United States navy on their travels in central and northern parts of Luzon during the months of October and November, 1898. Mr. Sonnichsen's captivity began a little later, just on the eve of the fatal outbreak in February, 1899. With a companion he set out for Malolos, the two purposing to take photographs in the character of English press correspondents. On the train they were suspected of being spies by a grave and reverend "señor" whom they next encountered in the full-dress uniform of Aguinaldo's staff. His suspicion was confirmed by an Englishman, who possibly resented their disguise and certainly had an eye to his own main chance. The first imprisonment at Malolos proved to be one of the most painful and disagreeable experiences of the entire captivity. A fellow-prisoner, to whom the name Arnold is given for obvious reasons, proves to be a very entertaining rascal as the book goes on. He was not wholly bad, and, though twice a traitor when Sonnichsen and others would fain escape, he was ready at all times with such kindly offices as involved no personal inconvenience and were flattering to his sense of benevolent interposition. New batches of prisoners came in from time to time, and their characters and fortunes are described so vividly that what was monotony for the writer and his friends becomes for us a succession of moving accidents.

Their condition was made more critical by the popular excitement which attended the first misfortunes of the Filipino arms. Harsh treatment was, however, in the main reserved for the Filipino "secreto," or informer, and some of the accounts of this would be very shocking were not our American lynchings so toughening to our sensibility. The cruelties of the Filipinos were tender mercies as compared with these.

Eventually at Malolos there was some relaxation of discipline, including wrestling in the prison yard, and Mr. Sonnichsen's good opinion of the Filipinos, which steadily increased as he came to know them better, was enhanced by his finding himself thrown by one of them who stood no higher than his chin. The first outing into the town was an exciting one. In the barber's shop Sonnichsen met, as he thought, an ill-looking brigand who stared at him impudently and—turned out to be a reflection of himself in the mirror. There he was much chaffed by the young Filipinos, who asked if Americans shot from the hip, and if they soaked themselves with whiskey to get their courage up before going into battle. Such things were as credible in Malolos as similar stories about the Filipinos in New York. Only once, at any time, did he have a glimpse of Aguinaldo, drinking beer in an indifferent manner; an exasperating sight, so dry was his own throat. Evidence of the Filipino devotion to Aguinaldo is never far away. His unselfish goodness endeared him to his people more than his successful worrying of the Americans. No Filipino believes the story of Aguinaldo's mercenary acceptance of a Spanish bribe, of which Mr. McKinley was so readily convinced, with documents in his possession which might have taught him better, had he cared to be informed. Moreover, though the Ilocanos do not love the Tagalogs, and were profoundly devoted to Gen. Luna, Mr. Sonnichsen found nowhere among them any credence of the charge of Gen. Luna's assassination by command of Aguinaldo.

Leaving Malolos with the retreating Filipinos, the first stop was at San Isidro, and here the prisoners were joined by Lieutenant Gilmore and his party. From what follows it would appear that much needless anxiety was suffered on their account. Something of qualified admiration infects the general account of that accidental hero, and in conclusion we are told: "Some of the hardships endured might many a time have been ameliorated, had the men been made to feel in the only officer among them more of the moral influence of a leading mind and a spirit better befitting the situation in general." Gilmore's efforts to obtain personal "rights" and "privileges" embittered his fellow-prisoners against him. His message, which Sonnichsen finally delivered to Gen. Otis, after preserving it through many wonderful vicissitudes, was received by that officer with sublime indifference.

All of Mr. Sonnichsen's later experience was among the Ilocanos, and he was so well treated in general and met with so much particular kindness that he might well fear to compromise his friends by his escape. His conclusion of the whole matter is that the Filipinos have treated their prisoners as well as other nations theirs in recent wars—much better than the South its prisoners in the civil war, or the North its own in some cases. He finds the Filipinos "as entitled to be called civilized as other nations, and much more so than some whose representatives we receive at our capital and accord the same honors as those of the most polished nations." The most recurrent notes are that the Filipinos will never submit to the forcible destruction of their independence, and that a degree of self-government equal to that of Canada would be cordially accepted if tendered to their present government. Everywhere Mr.

Sonnichsen encountered the complaint that the Americans kept on hammering the Filipinos without offering to them any plan of settlement. His evidence confirms that of many others, that the Philippines might have been peaceably annexed if we had gone to work in the right way; and even those who would prefer their independence cannot but wish that their annexation, if it had to be, might have been effected without the waste of six hundred millions of dollars, and the end not yet, and a more tragic waste of life.

The Sources and Literature of English History, from the Earliest Times to about 1485. By Charles Gross, Ph.D., Harvard University. Longmans. 1900. Pp. xx, 618.

It might be an interesting subject of speculation why certain books come to be written, or compelled, in one country rather than another. How is it, for instance, that, with all the attention given to American history in this country, the best books, both on the aborigines of the continent and on the colonial period, have proceeded from Englishmen—Mr. Payne and Mr. Doyle? And how is it, on the other hand, that it has been left for a Harvard professor to produce the first thorough and systematic bibliography of mediæval English history? It is not that there are no great historical scholars in England—Stubbs, in the generation now passing away; and Maitland, among younger scholars, are luminaries before whom pale the fires even of Gneist and Pauli; nor that competent journeymen are wanting, as the volumes of the Rolls Series as well as of the Surtees and Selden Societies' publications sufficiently demonstrate; nor that general historical interest is lacking, for this is disproved by the continued existence of the *English Historical Review*. Moreover, both at Oxford and at Cambridge, a score or more of tutors and some hundreds of undergraduates have for years been giving and receiving instruction in mediæval English history. It may be that the men of ability who might have undertaken the task are either kept too busy with undergraduate instruction, or, if they are fortunate enough to enjoy leisure, prefer to give their time to original investigation. Doubtless it is also a matter of personal predilection; Professor Gross is a born bibliographer. But we may hazard the conjecture that the explanation is to be found in some measure in the absence from English universities of what we know as "graduate" study. When the men who are likely to do some original investigation are isolated units, scattered up and down the country, it is natural enough that they should be left to find their way for themselves; when they are brought together in "graduate courses," each man of them eager to discover some unworked field for a doctoral dissertation, it cannot but occur to their teachers that a guide-book will save them from a good deal of quite unnecessary waste of time.

To whatever its appearance may be due, the bibliography now before us is an honor to American scholarship, and will be the greatest possible boon to historical students. The only previous bibliography of the subject is that by Mr. Mullinger, the erudite librarian of St. John's College, Cambridge, which forms the second part of the 'Introduction to the Study of English His-

tory' bearing his name and Mr. Gardiner's. This was not without its usefulness for beginners, and they must still refer to it for the post-mediæval period; but it is all too brief, and, as Professor Gross mildly remarks, it "devotes little attention to record publications and to Continental writers." Professor Gross's volume contains 3,234 titles, arranged in 72 sections, with careful cross-references, and a complete index. He is sparing of comment; but under each head he indicates which are the more "valuable" of the authorities, or of the modern writers, as the case may be; and where the book in question is exceptionally bad, he damns it with a quiet epithet. How painstaking is the classification may be illustrated by the ten pages devoted to the ecclesiastical "Vitæ et Epistolæ" of the Anglo-Saxon period, arranged under the names from Alcuin to Wilfrid, or by the sixty-five pages on "Local Records and Local Annals," ranging from (a) Bedfordshire to (z) Yorkshire. And, as any one who knows anything about the subject will at once see on turning over his pages, Professor Gross's work is much more than a mere catalogue: the modest biographical and critical notes—appended, for instance, to each of the chronicles—could only have been produced by a sane judgment and a wide and sure-footed scholarship.

The book, as it stands, is almost absolutely exhaustive, and every self-respecting library will at once obtain it. Where Mr. Gross is—not weak, but—least strong is only along the fringes of his own field as a constitutional historian. And here and there we would have made some additions. Considering, for instance, how slow agrarian conditions were in changing, we should recommend the investigator of mediæval agriculture to look at the writings of Arthur Young and William Marshall, although they describe the methods of the eighteenth century; as well as the series of Reports on the several counties presented to the Board of Agriculture at the end of that century. We should explain the nature of the statistics to be found in Rogers's 'History of Agriculture and Prices,' and mention Fleetwood's 'Chronicon Preciosum.' We should try to separate the wheat from the chaff in the volumes of Traill's 'Social England'; we should add Birkbeck's little book to those on land tenure, and Hecker's (if only because for so long it stood alone) to those on the Black Death; and Miss Zimmermann's and Theodor Lindner's to those on the Hanse. If it is worth while placing Mr. Froude's observations on the 'Science of History' among treatises on Historical Method, as Professor Gross apparently thinks, room might also be found for Mr. Goldwin Smith's two lectures on the 'Study of History' (1861); and Mr. Warde Fowler's privately printed paper on 'The Progress of Historical Study in Oxford' (1885) might be referred to, if only to set buyers on the lookout for it. We have no great belief in Buckle's philosophy of history—which, indeed, he did not attempt to exemplify himself—but if a student is capable of thinking about the meaning of history, he might well be told to read the first chapter of the 'History of Civilization'; and to such a student Seeley's writings on the relations of history to politics would be stimulating if not convincing. We are glad to find Lord Acton's Inaugural Lecture set down in the list; but students who are

able to follow that somewhat enigmatic discourse will get still more out of the remarkable paper by the same hand on "German Schools of History" with which the *English Historical Review* began its career. Still, all these, as before remarked, are but the fringes of Professor Gross's field, as he beholds it; and after he has borne the burden and heat of the day in reaping the rich harvest of records and chronicles, we cannot blame him for leaving a few ears standing near the fence.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, and a Garden Kalendar. By the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A. Edited by R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., with an introduction to the Garden Kalendar by the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, and numerous illustrations by J. G. Keulemans, Herbert Railton, and Edmund J. Sullivan. In two volumes. London: S. T. Freemantle; Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Company. 1900. Small 4to, pp. xxiv, 428, and xv, 444.

Nearly one hundred editions of White's 'Selborne' have been published; among them probably none that has more general excellences than the present. Dr. Sharpe has gone back to the first edition, 1789, and to originals of the letters for his text. By his notes on the natural history the science has been thoroughly modernized, and the amount of text has been almost doubled, approximating that of Bell's edition, 1877. The matter included, and its arrangement, are as follows: Volume I., with fifty full-page illustrations, and thirty-seven smaller ones, contains the introduction, a table of contents, lists of illustrations, the letters to Pennant (I-XLIV.), an introduction to the Garden Kalendar, one appendix of a few notes on zoölogy, and another of a note on geology; and volume II., with forty-nine full-page and thirty-two smaller illustrations, contains a table of contents, lists of illustrations, the letters to Barrington (I-LXV.), the Antiquities of Selborne, more particulars respecting the old family Tortoise, the appendixes to the Antiquities (I-V.), the bibliography, and the index. In this really desirable edition of the classic, however, there are several respects in which the editor's work falls much below what was to have been expected from him. The bibliography is incomplete, and, such as it is, needs a thorough overhauling. One of the entries to be added may be supplied by an apparent reprint of Jesse's edition, 1850. It bears date of 1870, and has the illustrations colored by hand. Instead of Henry G. Bohn, etc., it bears the imprint, "London: Bell & Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden"; otherwise the title-page appears to be the same as that published by Bohn. Gilbert White himself has not been well treated. There is no doubt whatever that a moderate amount of investigation would have resulted in an acceptable account of his life and characteristics.

The illustrations in the main are very good, but here again the author has not received anything like justice. His portraits (imaginary, of course, no real likeness being available) will not be tolerated by those who see him through his writings. To represent him as a dandy only emphasizes the limitations of the artist. In fact, these so-called portraits, scattered through the text, are mere caricatures, and the

same may be said of most of the other figures of human beings in these volumes. Contrasting with the above are portraits of Barrington and Pennant (sufficiently honored by the fact that the letters happened to be addressed to them) occupying the posts of honor as frontispieces, as if more prominently concerned in the work than the author. However opinions may differ as to the taste that further belittles the author by descriptions following his own on the title-page in entire disproportion to the contributions, the evidence here and elsewhere in these pages is conclusive as to the possession by the editor of an affectionate and subservient regard for titled personages.

Japanischer Humor. Von C. Netto und G. Wagener. Mit 257 Abbildungen, darunter 5 Chromotafeln. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1901. Pp. x, 283.

Goethe's remark, that "nothing reveals the character of men more clearly than their conception of the laughable," not only is true of individuals and classes of society, but is especially applicable to nations and different types of the human race. Even kindred peoples, like the Germans, English, and Americans, or the French, Italians, and Spaniards, have developed each a peculiar quality of humor, which the others often fail to appreciate. Indeed, this disparity exists within the limits of the same country, the humor of Berlin differing essentially from that of Munich, while that of Saxony is generally recognized as something quite apart, and usually more ludicrous than ridiculous. This distinction is still more marked when we compare Orientals with Occidentals, or Caucasians with Mongolians. A joke which causes the broad face of the Chinaman to dilate and his slit eyes to sparkle with delight, may not afford a European the slightest amusement; and we know how difficult it is for an American, with all his boasted cosmopolitanism, to find any entertainment in a Japanese comedy, unless it be a clever counterfeit in the style of Sullivan's "Mikado." Lafcadio Hearn says that before going to Japan, he had no perception of the deeper meaning of Japanese art, either in drawing or in color, both of which seemed to be crude, conventional, and outlandish. Now it is the Western art of illustration, as seen in the common run of English weeklies and American magazines, that strikes him as "conventional, undeveloped, and semi-barbarous." For a Japanese to understand the engravings in our pictorial periodicals, he must have lived abroad; and for an Occidental to perceive the truth, or the beauty, or the humor of Japanese drawings, he must know the life which those drawings reflect. This principle applies not only to every province of art, but also to the whole vast manifold realm of humor, whether expressed in words or in designs.

The proper recognition of these facts lends especial interest and value to the recent volume on 'Japanese Humor,' by Professors Netto and Wagener, the former for thirteen years connected with the University of Tokio, and the latter, now deceased, for twenty-four years a resident of Japan. Professor Netto is the author of a book, entitled 'Papierschmetterlinge aus Japan,' in which he intended to devote a chapter to Japanese humor, but found, on further examination, that the subject was too exten-

sive to be satisfactorily treated in so limited a space. Meanwhile both scholars had been collecting materials for a long time before they discovered that their investigations were on the same line, when they resolved to offer to the public the combined results of their researches. The contents of the work are not confined to the present day, but embrace a long period in the evolution of Japanese culture, some of the illustrations being the work of artists who lived eight centuries ago. Every drawing is accompanied by the name of the artist, as well as the year of his birth and death, so far as they are known.

In the first half-a-dozen chapters the representations are derived from Hindu mythology, as modified by the later legendary developments of Buddhism in China and Japan. A prominent part is played by the seven gods of fortune, of whom Jurojin and Fukuroku-jin, the bestowers of wealth and longevity, are the chief. The tall cylindrical head and squat figure of the latter often occasion comical scenes. It must be remembered, however, that bodily deformities of Oriental deities are not necessarily humorous or satirical in their origin, but have a symbolical significance expressive of certain attributes, although such distortions are admirably adapted to caricature and are frequently made to serve this purpose. To what common uses a sacred image may be put is seen in that of the deified Daruma (Bhoddharma), who, in order to free himself from worldly passions, sat nine years gazing at a wall until his legs fell off, and now figures as a child's toy, a tumbletoady, which is so weighted that, when thrown down, it always assumes an upright position on its haunches with the austere look of an ascetic.

A still more prolific source of humorous delineation is the adventures of Em-ma (Yé-ma), the ruler of the infernal regions, and his satellites. The devil appears to be quite as easily fooled in Japan as elsewhere, and thus becomes a never-failing source of diversion to mankind. Matahei, a painter of the sixteenth century, burlesqued the monks by representing the devil as a mendicant friar collecting contributions for the temple, and with one horn broken as a sign of contrition. Of a like character are the tricks of mischievous elfs and kobolds, the wiles of witches and wizards, and the play of the personified elements—the pranks of the demoniac forces of the thunder and the wind, and the fantastic forms of floating mists and flaming meteors. A clever persiflage of artistic realism from the conventional Japanese point of view is the scene in which the painter, Okio, depicts a spectre with such closeness and fulness of detail that it stands out from the canvas and holds him with its skinny hand. A prominent place is also assigned to the realm of fable, in which the exploits of Saru the ape, Tanuki the badger, and Kitsuné the fox resemble in many respects the adventures of our Reynard. Of domestic animals the horse occurs most frequently; quite conspicuous, too, are not only birds, but also the lower orders of fishes, insects, mollusks, and reptiles. More than eight centuries ago the painter Teiko Sojo depicted the battle of the crabs and the frogs with a lively humor, recalling the "Homeric" batra-chomoy-machy, and the Froschmeuseler of Robenhausen. That the pencil of the satirist does not let the opportunity slip is evident from drawings of the ape as a Shinto priest, and an art-

critic, and Fukuroku incarnate as a polyp. A significant design represents foreigners of different nationalities suspended by their mouths from a pole, as the Japanese dry fish, with the designation "Tojin-boshi" (dried barbarians), the full force of which term would be better expressed by the Shaksperian phrase, "smarting in lingering pickle." Extremely entertaining are the humorous scenes taken from real life, beginning with the frolics of children, and the practical jokes which they are fond of playing upon older persons, and including comical incidents of a domestic or social character, and gayeties in which the attractive centre is the Geisha, to whose fascinations even saintly ascetics sometimes succumb.

It is hardly necessary to add that the contact of Japanese with Western civilization, which has produced such remarkable changes in the "land of the rising sun," has also modified the expression of its humor. Undue eagerness to appropriate the fruits of European culture has been inevitably attended with blunders which furnished material for burlesque. Comic papers, like *Marumaru Chimbun*, modelled after *Punch*, *Kladderadatsch*, *Fliegende Blätter*, or *Life*, appear from time to time, but have mostly an ephemeral existence. If they indulge in political satire, the rigorous censorship of the press soon ends their career. In conclusion, we heartily commend Netto and Wagener's beautifully printed and finely illustrated volume for its appreciative treatment of an important subject, of which the majority of foreigners have only very vague conceptions.

Frangipani's Ring: An Event in the Life of Henry Thode. Translated by J. F. C. L. London: John Macqueen.

This narrative centres about an interesting piece of treasure-trove. The title may suggest to some a memory of the appeal made by Francis I. from his captivity at Madrid to Soliman the Magnificent. But the book has nothing to do with that subject. The Frangipani in question was Count Christopher, a brother of the Count John who was employed by the King of France, and the focal point is Venice rather than Constantinople. At the beginning of 1892, a workman, in digging a ditch at Prata, near Pordenone in Friuli, found a true-love ring which bore the inscription, *Mit wylten dyn eygen*—"willingly thine own." It was taken to Venice for sale, and was there bought by Dr. Thode. Its new owner at once began a

quest for information about it, and was led to believe by the *Diaries* of Marino Sanuto that it had belonged to Count Christopher Frangipani. There is evidence to show that Frangipani, fighting for the Emperor Maximilian against Venice in 1514, lost "a relic" near Pordenone, where the ring was found. The Venetians captured him in battle and lodged him as a state prisoner in the Torricella. About a year later his wife writes him that she is having a new ring made in place of the old one which he has lost, somewhat smaller than the other, and asks that he will have the same legend engraved thereon. "And I am inwardly constrained to send the ring to your Lordship, in order that you may wear it for love's sake, and in remembrance of me. And since there is no good goldsmith to be found here, I pray your Lordship, should this please you, to have it graven there."

The heroine of the story, which is told in most romantic style, with documents of proof inserted at intervals, is this same lady, Apollonia Lang of Augsburg. She was a sister of Maximilian's confidential adviser, Cardinal Matthew Lang, the celebrated Archbishop of Salzburg. After a brilliant career at the imperial court, she married Count Julian von Lodron, and lived with him until his death, shortly after, at Ober-Vellach in the Möllthal, where her memory is still preserved by an interesting altar-piece of Jan Scorel. Then she married Frangipani, and proved a most faithful wife to him. After sending the second ring, she soon made her way to Venice, and shared her husband's long captivity. Early in 1519, Frangipani was given over by the Venetians to the French, and kept by them a prisoner in the Castello at Milan. Apollonia accompanied him there, too, and justified the legend of the ring by remaining at his side till her death, September, 1519.

Dr. Thode is anxious to prove that his story is not a hoax, and supplements his conclusions at every point by evidence drawn from trustworthy sources. Assuming that he has got Frangipani's ring, which is not unlikely, the whole episode is an unusual one. It reminds us of Prof. C. E. Norton's article (published some years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*) on 'Rawdon Brown and the 'Scutcheon of Banished Norfolk.' The translator might, at places, have written better English, but the volume as a whole, with its real research, its beautiful type, and its excellent illustrations, is very attractive.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Altgeld, J. P. *Oratory: Its Requirements and its Rewards.* Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 50c.
 An Englishman's Love Letters. M. F. Mansfield. \$1.
 Barry, William. *The Wizard's Knot.* Century Co. \$1.50.
 Besant, Walter. *East London.* Century Co. \$3.50.
 Clark, Imogen. *God's Puppets.* Scribners. \$1.50.
 Corelli, Marie. *The Passing of the Great Queen.* Dodd, Mead & Co. 50c.
 Dunbar, Paul Laurence. *The Fanatics.* Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Eggleston, G. C. *A Carolina Cavalier.* Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. \$1.50.
 Field, Caryl. *Interludes in the Serious Song of Life.* Published for the Author.
 Fiske, L. R. *Man-Building: A Treatise on Human Life and its Forces.* Scribners. \$1.25.
 Garland, Hamlin. *Her Mountain Lover.* Century Co. \$1.50.
 Hale, George. *The Common Sense of Commercial Arithmetic.* Macmillan. 60c.
 Hare, A. J. C. *The Story of My Life. Second Part, Vols. III. and IV.* Dodd, Mead & Co. \$7.50.
 Harper, G. McL. *Masters of French literature.* Scribners. \$1.25.
 Hartog, P. J. *The Owens College, Manchester. Manchester (Eng.): J. E. Cornish.*
 Johnson, S. E. *The Temper Cure.* Abbey Press. 50 cents.
 King, S. H. *Dog-Watches at Sea.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
 Kuhns, Oscar. *The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania: A Study of the So-Called Pennsylvania Dutch.* Henry Holt & Co.
 LeGallienne, Richard. *The Beautiful Lie of Rome.* M. F. Mansfield & Co. \$1.
 Living Scenes in Natural Color Photographs of America's New Possessions. International View Co. \$2.50.
 Loring, M. B. *The Stranger.* Abbey Press. \$1.
 Mantouche, Paul. *Le Conventuel Philippeaux.* Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition. 7 fr. 50c.
 Marline, Mark. *Lost on Volcano Island.* The Mershon Co.
 Marline, Mark. *The Luck of a Castaway.* The Mershon Co.
 McCrackan, W. D. *The Rise of the Swiss Republic.* Revised ed. Henry Holt & Co.
 Morris, I. K. *History of Staten Island.* 2 vols. Memorial Publishing Co.
 Olivier, R. P. M. J. *The Passion.* Boston: Marlier & Co. \$1.50.
 Oppen, F. Willie and his Papa, and the Rest of the Family. Grosset & Dunlap. \$1.
 Ouida. *Street Dust, and Other Stories.* London: F. V. White & Co.
 Pemberton, Max. *Pro Patria.* Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Pennoyer, Virginia E. Rodari, Sculptor. San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepherd. 80c.
 Pinson, W. W. *In White and Black.* Macon (Ga.): J. W. Burke Co. \$1.25.
 Puckle, James. *The Club, or, A Grey Cap for a Green Head.* London: Freemantle & Co.; New York: Truslove, Hanson & Combs. \$1.
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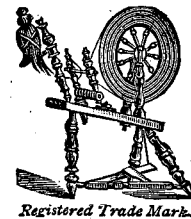


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